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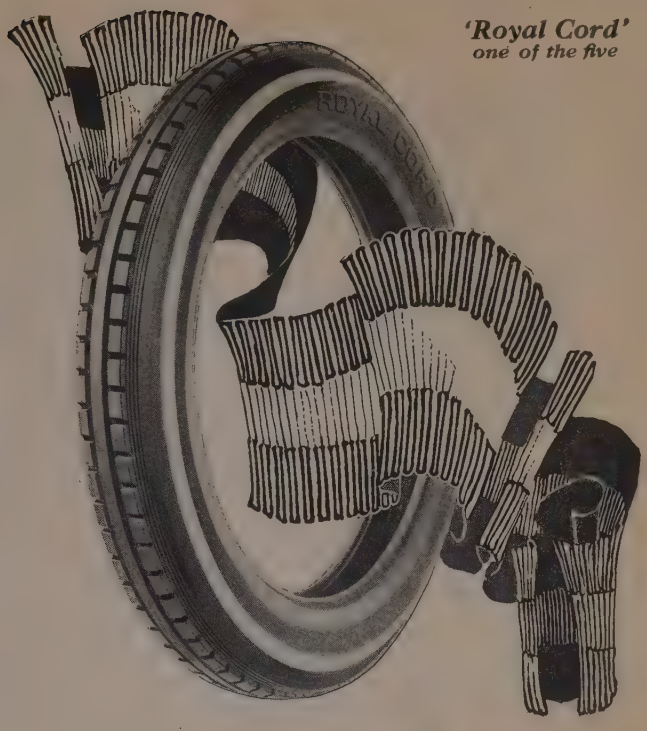

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

JULY, 1918

WE offer a splendid antidote for hot summer weather.

Yes, you've guessed it!

The August issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

No disheartening war news, or reports that will lead to heated discussions. Chatty news of theatre land for those vacationing who wish to keep informed, and sprightly, entertaining stories for those who seek amusement.

The August number will be primarily a picture number.

On hot, stifling days just glance at the enchanting pictures of your favorites bathing, rowing, gardening, boating, etc., and be transported to the spots where the cool breezes always blow.

Yes, it's to be a corking summer number, if we have to be immodest enough to confess it ourselves!

IT'S been the fashion of late to rail at the theatre, and to berate the unfortunate manager. Poor fellow, it's astonishing how he survives the abuse heaped on his head. All our highbrow critics declare that our drama is going to the dogs.

"But we can't be as bad as all that." So Louis De Foe says. Surely this well-known critic who has spent the best part of his life sitting up nights weathering all kinds of terrible plays—and survived it—ought to know something about it.

He insists that it is an old cry—the decadence of the stage, and proofs in hand, he will show you that our generation is not so far behind the most brilliant period of the stage.

This is an entirely new angle of a much discussed question, and Mr. De Foe is always worth listening to.

WHO'S that funny looking gink over there, hidin' in the corner?" asks one of the stage hands at a dress rehearsal.

"Aw, let 'im stay," says another. "He's only the author."

On the last sentence hangs a tale.

And Lewis Allen tells it in his witty skit, "He's Only the Author," in the August issue.

The most despised creature in theatredom, the downtrodden playwright has his troubles. His script continually changed by the manager, his funniest remarks for the comedian cut out by the star, who doesn't pity him?

Read about some of his experiences in a side-splitting article.

THE war has brought about many changes, and it's responsible for many queer things. Among the oddest perhaps is the subterranean theatre recently opened in Paris on account of the long range bombardments by German cannon.

A brief cable dispatch spoke about the opening of this bomb-proof theatre, but no details were given of its arrangement.

Edwin Carty Ranck, one of our staff writers, has just returned from France where he witnessed a performance at this most unique theatre in the world.

In the next issue he will give you a full description of it, his account being illustrated by a very interesting picture.

"BIFF-BANG." That's the drama now.

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Publishers
ARTHUR HORNBLOW
Editor

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVIII. No. 209 JULY, 1918

From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg

MME. YORSKA AS SALOME

This picturesque, forceful French actress gave a realistic rendering of Salome with the Washington Square Players recently

LEGS VS. THE BE-WHISKERED DRAMA

Sundry reflections awakened by visits to "The Doll's House" and "The Follies"

By ARTHUR HORNBLOW

I TAKE off my straw hat (5¾ latest model) to Mr. Arthur Hopkins.

He is one of the few—conspicuously few—American theatre managers not ashamed to admit he has a soul above the dollar.

Not that he is ignorant of the value of the elusive shekel. Like most of us, he seeks to gather up as many of them as possible, but he's not the kind to sidetrack things really worth while and trade only in mush, legs and smut because the possibilities of larger profit are more alluring.

This year, particularly, he has done yeoman service in the cause of dramatic art. While our local boards have been literally buried under an avalanche of mawkish, trivial, stupid, unclean plays, he has had the courage to celebrate his first year as manager of the Plymouth Theatre by devoting ten weeks of his season to Ibsen repertoire. Think of his nerve, rehashing the be-whiskered old gentleman of Norway when Broadway (according to the most enlightened of our theatrical caterers) cries only for mush and "pep"!

With Nazimova as his star, could he have done anything else? A strong actress requires a strong play, and the shrewd manager isn't going to pay big royalties on sloppy, amateurish plays (by comparison) when he can get real plays for nothing.

WHICH came first—the strong actress or the strong play? It recalls that other problem of the poultry yard—who preceded, the egg or the hen? I'm not good at conundrums, but its quite understandable, even to a slacker intelligence, that the dramatist must first write his play before the actor can interpret it, just as the boy must first have his cake before he can eat it, and it's as plain as the nose on your face (excuse my being so personal) that if the playwright doesn't write good plays, we can't have good actors.

That is why we owe a debt of gratitude to Arthur Hopkins for giving us an occasional glimpse at dramatic art at its best—masterpieces whose appeal is universal, played by an actress of magnetic and appealing personality, who is without a rival on our stage in interpretations demanding intellectual breadth and brilliant technique.

Laugh at the be-whiskered drama as old-fashioned, high-brow stuff if you will. Personally, I prefer it to "Happiness," "The Little Teacher" and plays of that ilk. For the sake of the reputation of this burg for common intelligence, let us rejoice that there are still theatregoers among us who prefer Ibsen's marvelous delineations of character, the thoughts his philosophy awakens and sets coursing through the brain to the vacuous, inconsequential, degrading stuff which passes for theatrical entertainment in too many of our theatres nowadays.

We seldom get the opportunity to see the serious, or even the poetic drama. Shakespeare is practically banished from our stage. Why? Because we are living in what may be termed the low visibility era of the theatre. The playwrights, fat and prosperous, are uninspired. The stage itself is almost entirely in the hands of commercial hucksters who have constituted themselves our moral guardians. It is they and not we who dictate what kind of dramatic entertainment we shall have. They know we can't think for ourselves, so they think for us. They give us "The Madonna of the Future," "Anthony in Wonderland," "The Barton Mystery," "Words and Music," "The Three Bears," and the rest, *ad nauseum*.

THE managers consider this sort of dramatic fare good enough for our present Kultur. When our audiences have grown in intelligence they will be given stronger mental food. Meantime, they must accept the silly, childish stuff doled out to them.

Mr. Hopkins succeeded in drawing large audiences with "The Doll's House," a play written nearly forty years ago, and which even to-day our play hacks vainly try to imitate. And such audiences—the *cognescenti* and *intelligenzia* of the world's greatest democracy. Have you ever stopped to study audiences as they flow out from, say an Ibsen audience and an audience that has gaped and chortled over the latest nasty musical-comedy? Look at the faces, listen to the voices, note the manners. It is the Great Divide—the wide chasm, which can never be bridged, between those who have been given brains with which to think and those who have been endowed with large mouths with which to grin.

If Ibsen is too serious in this time of war, if the people must laugh to hide their aching hearts, by all means give them comedy. But not of the room and bath variety. If our dramatists can write only sewerage comedy, why not turn over the business of playwriting to the plumbers?

For those who want to laugh in an honest, wholesome way, there are plenty of good old comedies that would bear revival. We haven't seen "The School for Scandal" in years. It wouldn't hurt our present generation of theatregoers to have a speaking acquaintance with the loquacious Mrs. Malaprop, nor with the genial Bob Acres in "The Rivals." Personally, I wouldn't mind seeing that side-splitter, "Charley's Aunt" again. And as for the mirthful "Bunty Pulls the Strings," I could see it every day.

BUT you object—that is old stuff. Only dead ones insist on standing still. Quite true—the world certainly does move as brother Galileo heretically observed. The jaded theatrical appetite demands constant novelty—above all it craves "pep." Solomon, as sagacious a monarch as ever drew an unearned income, is renowned for three things—he knew how to pick a particular baby's mother from among a million other babies' mothers, his own personal charms filled the oriental eye of the languorous Queen of Sheba, he was the first to make the trite but true remark, "There's nothing new under the sun." He might also have added, "under the moon." For these modern days, when no Hun raiders are around, Broadway nights show up almost as bright as do the days.

But the demand for novelty cannot be brutally ignored or set aside. It's a childish craving, no doubt, yet still a natural and not unwholesome one. Let us see now how our intelligent, enterprising theatre managers cater to this keen thirst. Do they encourage new authors, do they experiment with novel, big ideas, do they explore new fields of thought or fancy?

No—nothing of that kind. A few bold spirits—styling themselves independents, and operating in bandbox theatres—venture to follow untrodden paths, and now and then succeed in striking an original note, presenting plays that have both virility and literary charm.

But these side-shows, in little out-of-the-way theatres, appealing only to a special cultured few, do not reach the great mass of theatregoers, and can be of little influence in elevating the public taste. When one says the theatre—one means the regular Broadway house with its big seating capacity and well-established clintèle.

What do the managers of these theatres give us by way of novelty? Apparently only one thing occurs to them—the feminine form undraped, which, in view of the heated term, is, I agree, logical enough. But, if less an appeal to animalism than a desire to keep cool these dog days, why not be consistent and ask your audiences also to throw all their clothes to the four breezes? Camouflaged only by palm-leaf fans, the nudity of the auditorium would present a novel spectacle quite in keeping with the houris *in naturalabis puris* on the stage.

ANOTHER form of novelty—not very original but ever popular—is to comb America's backwoods for pretty faces. Mr. Ziegfeld is an expert at this delectable business, and you may see for yourself how successful are his gleanings by taking the trouble of paying a visit to the "Follies" at the New Amsterdam. A veritable garden of feminine beauty of all types—girls to please every taste, stately blondes, vivacious brunettes. They have nothing to do but pose and look pretty, for which let us be thankful, as otherwise the illusion might be lost. Later on, we may have the pleasure of seeing them as movie stars.

As it is, the beauty show alone is more than worth the price of admission.

This is all in the way of novelty that any self-respecting bounder can expect. And as for the country visitor—the mainstay of all our theatres—Ziegfeld's girls are the very Alpha and Omega of the theatre. When Uncle John and Aunt Sue go back to Skillihunk, Mass., and thrill their gaping neighbors with stories of all the sights they saw in little old New York, they never fail to mention their visit to the "Follies."

"Say, we wuz at the theayter. You uns should see 'em gals! Sure New York can't be beat when it comes to a lively show."

There you have it. The provinces are more than satisfied. The metropolis may well be proud of its pre-eminence in the world of art.

IRENE FRANKLIN

One of Vaudeville's brightest lights, who returned to the Palace recently for an engagement de luxe with the inimitable Burton Green, and proved that for variety patrons she is shining as resplendently as ever

FAY BAINTER

The auburn-haired, lunt-haired beauty, who starred all New York last year as the Japanese princess in "The Willow Tree," is proving that she can sing and dance as well as act in "The Kiss Burglar" at the Lonan Theatre

WITH REPUTATIONS FOR CHARM—TWO FAVORITES

AMUSING STAGE CONTRETEMPS

Some ludicrous blunders which turned tragedy into comedy

By W. FORREST GILCHREST

THE work of a dramatic critic grows monotonous at times, but now and then occur amusing incidents that serve to enliven otherwise dull moments. Occasionally there are scenes enacted upon the stage that are not set down in the prompt book, which cause the auditors to smile, and while some of them are not sufficiently plain to be realized by an audience, although patent to the critic, yet now and then I have witnessed some very laughable mistakes which were immediately recognized on both sides of the footlights. On several occasions I have witnessed errors that completely overthrew the serious character of a play, and turned the entire effect into ridicule.

During one of Sarah Bernhardt's numerous engagements in New York she produced "La Femme de Claude"—("The Wife of Claude"), which was then seen for the first time in this country. In anticipation of a notable presentation a large and fashionable audience had gathered, and the great French actress won hearty and deserved applause throughout the various acts. But in the closing scene, toward which all the previous performance had worked up, something happened that entirely changed the complexion of the play, and turned what was intended for a very dramatic ending into a scene of great hilarity.

IN this scene the wife of Claude, a thoroughly bad woman, is about to elope with a young protegé of her husband. The latter is the inventor of a gun which has been approved by the Government. Claude keeps the plans for this weapon in a cabinet, located at the side of the stage. In order to secure funds to maintain herself after the elopement, the wife resolves to carry away with her the plans to sell them to the authorities.

She enters and goes to the cabinet, from which she extracts the plans. While she is busily engaged in rifling the cabinet, Claude enters the apartment and, intuitively, the whole plot is revealed to him. A gun is standing beside the door, through which he entered. Now, according to stage directions, Claude is to seize the weapon and shoot his wife, who is to stagger to the center of the stage and die. This, of course, would make a tragic ending of the play.

But just then something occurred that caused a halt in the proceedings. Claude caught up the gun and pointed it toward Sarah, while the audience sat spell-bound by the situation, as it awaited the report. And the audience waited, for when Claude did pull the trigger of the weapon, no report followed. Unfortunately, the person whose duty it was to load the gun had forgotten that important duty.

Claude pulled the trigger two or three times without result, and he was so surprised at the situation, that he stood like a statue, completely bewildered. Instead of rising to the situation, as an American actor would have done, and pretend to brain Sarah with the gun, he stood gazing blankly at the obdurate weapon.

In the meantime Mme. Bernhardt stood calmly awaiting the fatal bullet which was supposed to end her wicked career. Its non-appearance dazed her also, and she stood for a moment irresolute, then she dashed through a window, out of sight, only to reappear a moment later. For a moment she stood irresolute; then she staggered to the center of the stage and died a horrible death, by the rules of stage decorum. But the sight of a woman dying from a wound inflicted by a gun that had not been discharged, proved too much for the risibilities of the audience, and the smiles which had greeted the first stage episode, turned into roars of laughter.

THIS was probably the only time in this great star's stage experience that an audience had ever laughed at the dying struggles of Sarah. The audience thought it funny; what Sarah thought about it is unknown, but the stage manager told me the next day, that the atmosphere behind the curtain after its fall, was of a sufficiently blue character, so dense that it could have been cut out in chunks.

I remember another laughable episode, the ridiculous character of which was somewhat alleviated by the quick wit of the star. It was on the occasion of a revival of "Diplomacy" by Rose Coghlan. As every theatregoer knows, the plot of the play hinges on the abstraction of an official document from a box, by the adventuress. The box was brought out all right and placed on a table in the center of the stage. The key was supposed to have been left in the lock of the box. Miss Coghlan, after the other characters had left the stage, walked over to the box and attempted to open it. Somebody had blundered; the box was locked, and the key missing. The attempt of the actress to open the box, and the surprised look on her face revealed the predicament, and many in the audience began to titter. Miss Coghlan, however, grasped the situation. She looked off the stage and said quietly: "Perhaps the key has been dropped on the floor," and then, as if seeking the missing key, she walked off the stage, returning a moment later with a paper folded, in her right hand, concealed from view of the audience. She walked over to the box, and, seemingly, picked up the desired paper, saying: "Ah, it was left on the outside." There was laughter, of course, but the audience rewarded the actress with a round of hearty applause, for the clever manner in which she had handled the situation.

AS a spectator I saw the first night of "Our American Cousin," which was produced at Laura Keene's Theatre, on Broadway, near Houston Street, in October, 1858. E. A. Sothern, who had been in the old Wallack company, and had not distinguished himself above the ordinary stock actor, literally jumped into fame on that occasion, through a mishap, and of all that talented organization, he made the greatest hit, as the English fop, Dundreary. As originally written by the author, Tom Taylor, an English dramatist, the part was a small one, and had been accepted by the comedian only after considerable persuasion by Miss Keene, after J. H. Stoddard had refused to appear in the part, on account of its inconspicuous character.

As Sothern made his first entrance, through a large door at the back of the stage, he tripped over a rug, and hence came on the stage with a hop, skip and jump. The audience, believing it to be part of the stage business, laughed loudly, and Sothern, quickly realizing the point, kept up the strange walk throughout the evening. Indeed, it was this comical sort of walk that made the character amusing. Sothern afterward starred in the character, and he is best remembered by his very amusing rendition of the character of the assinine English nobleman.

Stoddard afterward refused to play a character, in which another actor started toward fame. He was cast for Baron Chevril in "A Parisian Romance," and refused the part as being beneath him. Mansfield had no such compunction, and his work in the character is stage history.

How slight an incident can ruin a play was well exemplified in the production of "The Year One," by Neil Burgess. He had made a heavy outlay for scenery, costumes and stage effects, and the play was certainly mounted in a gorgeous manner. All went well on the opening night, at the Star Theatre, and although the audience was somewhat surprised to see the former proprietor of "Cold Molasses" without a female dress, but in that of a Roman Senator, the production promised to be a great success. However, in the closing scene a mishap occurred that ruined the play.

THERE was a chariot race with which the play closed. A curtain hung from the first groove, and hid the arena, but the vociferous shouts of the spectators were greatly in evidence. The drop went up, and Burgess was seen in a chariot, racing with another charioteer. The old treadmill effect, which had been so successfully used in "The Country Fair," had been brought into use again for this scene. But, while the stirring effect of a chariot race was expected to thrill the audience, the opposite was the result. Three of the horses driven by Burgess were on a hard gallop, while the other animal was standing stock still, gazing placidly at the audience. There was a howl of laughter from the auditors, who rose in their seats at the ridiculous scene and they quitted the theatre without waiting for the close of the play.

Burgess told me afterward that the play had been written by his sister, who, from spiritland, dictated to her brother the various scenes. Burgess, as is well known, was a Spiritualist.

On one occasion I went to see "Damon and Pythias," that good old-time "scene-chewing" drama, at the Bowery Theatre. J. B. Allen, a capital actor, but with a high temper, was Damon, and George C. Boniface was the Pythias. In the closing scene Damon staggers in, having returned just in time to save Pythias from death, the latter having remained as hostage for his safe return, after a last visit to his wife and child. Dionysius, the Tyrant, at once summons Damon to the scaffold. Allen sprang to the scaffold and the supernumaries behind the scene shouted, according to stage direction. Then, after a few lines, Damon was supposed to be interrupted by more shouting, and had to say, "Shout again." But no shouts came; the silence was impressive, so much so that the fall of the traditional pin would have sounded like an earthquake. Allen looked off the stage and blurted out: "Shout, you ——— ———

Boyd Marshall Mitzi George F. Marion Robert Emmett Keane

Act I. The little acrobat relates her romance

Photos White

MITZI

The little Italian girl enters the lawyer's office through the transom

MITZI, the firefly of musical-comedy, has a new vehicle in "Head Over Heels," in which she impersonates a little Italian acrobat. She sings, dances, mimics, tumbles and reveals unexpected athletic skill and agility in a romance that blends humor and pathos. Mitzi's season has begun with a summer run at the Tremont Theatre, Boston. Her New York appearance will be made shortly

Mitzi George F. Marion

Act II. The Bambinetti troupe rehearse

Mitzi Boyd Marshall

Act III. A happy finale

MITZI SCORES IN "HEAD OVER HEELS"

Why don't you shout?" The "supers'" shouts were drowned by the shouts of laughter.

Mrs. James Brown Potter is known as an actress of great impulse, and this quality once made trouble for her. When she, for the first time here, essayed the character of Charlotte Corday, I journeyed up to Harlem, at the instance of my old friend, Kyrle Bellew, to criticize the performance. All went well with the play, like the traditional marriage bell, until the last scene, in which, as Charlotte Corday, Mrs. Potter is supposed to kill Marat, enacted by Bellew. As Marat sat in the tub indulging in a bath, Charlotte rushed toward him with a knife in her hand, With all the fierce energy that this actress possessed, she rushed to the bath and stabbed Marat; but, unfortunately for her and her companion, in the struggle she upset the bathtub, and the audience discovered that Marat was having a bath in a tub which had no bottom.

Augustin Daly once gave a sumptuous revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and Ellen Burg, who was the wife of Robert Edeson, was engaged to play the character of Puck. At one period she was supposed to fly away, and she did this by means of a wire attached to her waist. She went up nicely, but as she was just above the flies the cord slipped and she was left hanging, the audience seeing only a pair of plump legs dangling from the skies.

The first production of Humperdinck's pretty play, "Hansel and Gretel," was at Daly's Theatre, before a representative audience. Augustus Harris—then plain Mr. and not Sir—was the manager of the enterprise. Harris was a good theatrical manager, but from an educational standpoint he was somewhat lacking. In response to a call before the curtain, Harris appeared, and made a short address, thanking the audience for its approval of "Pumpernickel's" play.

One evening I went to an East-Side theatre to see a popular actress, who had grown gray in the character, play Lady Isabel in the perennial "East Lynne." In the scene where Lady Isabel is kneeling over her dying child, a pathetic moment, in which the spectators are always moved to tears, a big black cat strolled out leisurely from behind the scenes, at the front, and walked slowly across the stage.

MADE IN AMERICA

How plays are manufactured and thrown upon our stage as seen by a Frenchman

By LUCIEN VANERA

SOME of my Paris friends have asked me to tell them how stage productions are made in this country—in what the American methods differs from the French. I confess that I am puzzled what to answer.

Plays are not produced in America. They are manufactured, like locomotives. Everybody has a finger in the pie, and the unfortunate author, at the end of a few days rehearsal, sees his comedy transformed into a drama, musical-comedy or—nothing at all.

This is the way it goes: The manager accepts your comedy. He thinks it's great. Only three weeks' rehearsal and you'll have a big Broadway success on your hands. Unfortunately, there are the three weeks rehearsals ahead, also the manufacturer—excuse me, I mean the manager.

American managers are divided into several classes. First we have the manager who manufactures musical-comedy which I might call "catalogues of popular music." He gets one man to write the piece, another to do the costumes, another the music, a fourth the scenery. As to the "artists," one finds them ready-made. The director selects those most in the public eye, adapts them to the costumes and scenery and then, having made them learn by heart certain words and move about according to the music, he presents the whole concoction to the consumer (the dear theatregoing public) under some snappy title which, of course, has nothing to do with what one's going to see. It charms the eye, sometimes the ear, but above all, it tranquilizes the mind.

Then we have the manager who specializes in comedy. There are good and bad. A theatre manager is like a well-known trade-mark. You order tickets for a Belasco play as you'd order Lynhaven oysters. The artists are no better, but they are better set up.

Then there are managers who, having no specialty, dabble a little in everything, and sad to relate these are the ones who make barrels of money.

Your play is accepted by one of these three classes of caterers to the public amusement. It now becomes a matter of organizing the company. The less important actors are easily found. The leading rôles are more difficult to fill. Miss Flossie Smith will be wonderful in the title rôle. They send for her, and engage her. Then they hand her the part. Everything is going swimmingly.

All the author has got to do now is to adapt his piece to the star, make his heroine ten years younger, make her very fashionable, and change the scenes so that she may hold center stage continually.

Now, as to the lady's father! The manager sees him little and fat, the author, tall, with a moustache, but the manager's son prefers him without a moustache. After much discussion, the son carries the day. Now, the leading man! Mr. Jones would be very good if he were shorter, Mr. Brown is rather thin. He would make Miss Flossie look too fat, and Mr. Robinson is no good because he's a blond. Finally, they end by finding the perfect type—a floor-walker in a dry goods store. The manager ran across him when buying some socks. He telephones for him and engages him at $200 a week on a three years' contract, subject to the usual two weeks' cancellation clause!

Finally, they begin to rehearse. For eight days everything goes fine. The leading man is taught his part—like a parrot. They make him walk up and down the stage. Then they come to the conclusion that he is not at all suited to the part. They send for the author—if he can change the text and some of the stage business, it will help things. Author consents to change three or four of the smaller parts, and modify some of the scenes.

To-day, dress rehearsal in the presence of the manager who took the author aside and complimented him. "If you cut out that leading man's scene in the first act and change the end, it'll be fine." For the third time the author makes the play over. They are to open next week out of town. Suddenly the manager comes to the conclusion that the father ought to have a moustache. They send for the actor, take away his part and give it to an actor who has a moustache like the Kaiser. At the end of three days, they get tired of the turned up points and get another actor who wears a moustache like a brush.

After two weeks delay they open at Atlantic City—a three days' engagement to try the piece on the dog. The first night there is only a small audience as a result of poor advertising. But the play appears to go. Next morning, rehearsal. The end of the play must be changed. The second scene must be made the first and the funny lines, with which the comedian made his big hit, must be given to the star. Second performance! Next morning, rehearsal. The manager knew he was right. The father should have been little and fat. They telegraph to New York to send on another actor of the required proportions. The piece is again slightly changed, after which follows the third performance which has nothing in common with the first.

The manager is delighted. "We've got a big success." However, there's a hitch, and they keep on the jump for three or four weeks, going from place to place, and every day the play is changed. Finally, all agree that it is perfect, excepting in one thing. The manager thinks it lacks something. What it is, he doesn't know. To-day is Thursday, they finish Saturday and open on Broadway the following Thursday. But———

On Saturday, during the second act, the manager is suddenly struck with an idea. "At last!" he cries, "I've got it!" He rushes up to the author. "Say—we've got a big thing here, only we must change things around a little. The play is all right as far as it goes, but it don't go far enough. What it needs is ginger, 'pep,' music, dancing, girls! That's what it needs. See?"

The company is immediately discharged, and another company of musical people engaged in its place. Everything is begun all over again, and finally they open in great style in New York. The piece proves a frightful frost and at the end of the week is sent to the storehouse. The manager says he realizes now that he should have made a drama of it. Happily, he is too late!

Forgive them, oh ye authors, they know not what they do. Besides all American managers are not as bad as that. Sometimes one is satisfied to produce the piece exactly as the author writes it, and casts it with really good artists. The piece turns out a corking success, it has a prodigious run, and the other managers all cry out, "What luck!" Happily there are in America a few of those so-called lucky ones who know how to choose good authors, good artists (of which there are plenty here) and who, having the artistic instinct, respect authors and artists, and understand that it is not enough to have one's name on the door of a manager's office to know how to write, act and judge a play.

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Some of the principals in the Thrift Festival held at the Polo Grounds recently. Left to right: Leon Rothier, Oscar Seagle, Marie Sundelius, John Philip Sousa, Betty McKenna, Sophie Braslau, Charles Harrison. (Inset) Lieut. Sousa's band and the chorus of 10,000 voices

ENTER ADOLPH KLAUBER, PRODUCER

Mr. Klauber, who for the last few years has been literary adviser to the Selwyns, will make his début next season as an independent producer. He began his career as a reporter on the New York *Times* and later became dramatic critic of that newspaper. He left there to go with the Selwyns. Some years ago he married Miss Jane Cowl

Peggy Wood, Mrs. Rida Johnson Young and Charles Purcell, planting an apple tree on Mrs. Young's estate at Stamford. Mrs. Young is the author of "Maytime" and the tree has been planted in memory of the apple tree around which the plot of the play hinges

BELASCO'S LITTLE GIRLS

Showing how the Wizard of Broadway develops successful stars

By VERA BLOOM

NO one has been able, so far, to analyze David Belasco's magic but the fact remains that he can take the most commonplace plays, and by sheer genius of casting and production, turn out baffling successes—baffling because no one knows just why they succeed.

There was a period, about a year ago, when an impression got around that the Belasco era was over—that instead of his detailed realism we wanted the sketchy sort that originated with the little Theatre movement.

But early in the present season and quietly Belasco slipped into his own theatre with "Polly With a Past," a comedy and Ina Claire, and a bit later into the Lyceum, with "Tiger Rose," a melodrama, and Lenore Ulric. Ever since you've had to have had a career in housebreaking or second-story work to get inside either playhouse,

As far as Belasco's regular audiences were concerned, they only knew Lenore Ulric from "The Heart of Wetona" and Ina Claire not at all. Now Miss Claire is the shining example to which aspiring comediennes are compared, and Miss Ulric has even had the crushing praise of being called the "coming American actress."

INA CLAIRE and Broadway became acquainted when she was "The Quaker Girl," then she went to London, and came back to make "Hello, Frisco!" and her imitations famous in the Follies, and jumped from there in one bound, when Belasco "discovered" her impersonation of Marie Odile, to center-stage and star dressing room at the Belasco Theatre, the secret goal, you should know, of every stage-struck girl from Salem to Seattle.

One of the advantages of Miss Claire's position is being able to give interviews in the comfortable little salon Mr. Belasco provides for his stars. The programmes and pictures on the walls permeate it with the spirit of success, and the old furniture fairly cries for confidential chats.

Miss Claire sank gratefully into a chair after the matinée. Fluctuating all afternoon between a French adventuress and a demure black-and-white-clad maid is harder work than being the champion costume-changer in the Follies, for it involves characterization as well as clothes.

"Oh!" she laughed, protestingly, "some day I hope to have a part where I won't have to work harder off the stage than on. As 'Polly' I have to change my makeup completely several times, and in record time, at that. It would have been easy to make my adventuress the ordinary sort, with blackened eyes that look like burnt holes, chalky face, and scarlet lips. But I wanted her to be the more subtle, chic looking *demi-mondaine* one sees at the smart hotels in Paris, with just a touch of Gaby Deslys thrown in for the high-lights."

Ina Claire has plenty of high-lights of her own. She is poised, vivacious and spirited, both in words and gestures, and she combines the animation of a brunette with the delicacy of a blonde to quite an unusual degree.

"How did it feel to break one of the dramatic hurdle records" I asked her, "and jump from Ziegfeld to Belasco in a bound?"

"It was not such a jump as you think," said Miss Claire, with confidence rather than conceit. "I had really been prepared to do this sort of work for some time, and I had offers from managers for several years before. It was a case of what the song-writers call 'vamp till ready'—just keeping step, you know, without marching!

IN a way it was far more difficult than this. In musical-comedy, or revues, everything depends on 'personality.' That's what you are paid for, and the director pays much more attention to the chorus than to the principals. In fact, he usually leaves you severely alone, and you develop, or rather manufacture your personality yourself. That is why all the singing comedians have certain little tricks of speech or 'business' of their own that they always use. There is no such thing as sustained characterization in musical comedy."

"Then how were you able to step into a leading part without experience?" I asked this unusual young lady.

"I made my own experience with my imitations," she explained, "every one was a tabloid character-part. Not alone that, but each was three parts in one—the actor, the character and the parody on the two! To tell the truth, when I came to Mr. Belasco, I felt that I hadn't the proper foundation of technique without playing small rôles, or doing 'stock' work, but he told me that with intelligent study and the knowledge of quick characterization I had, missing the usual training wouldn't be an insurmountable handicap."

Coming to the real question at last, I asked: "What did Mr. Belasco do for you? Did you see how the magic works?"

"Mr. Belasco gave me confidence," declared Miss Claire, still with her air of alert penetration, "he is a great teacher, you know, and treats each 'pupil' differently. But he never laughed at me, and what's more, he never ridiculed. I can always get things best by suggestion, rather than being told every detail, so he would just say—"—here Miss Claire changed in a flash to the priestly, rather sad manner of David Belasco, and went on as Belasco, and not herself—"'If I were you, I would just—just—' he rarely said the exact words, for I could tell from the inflexion of his voice and from his gestures exactly what he wanted, and we would go on with the scene in perfect accord.

"At rehearsals, I would only go through the lines and 'business' mechanically, but every night, lying in the dark, I would go over each speech, each scene in my mind's eye. I could picture the ensemble, and, from the angle of the audience, you see, put myself in the picture. First, I always find the climax of a scene, then shade it, with a quiet space just before to make the effect more vivid."

LENORE ULRIC, Belasco's other "little girl" plays primitive, emotional parts, like the Hawaiian heroine of the "Bird of Paradise" the Indian "Wetona," and now wild, lovable French-Canadian "Tiger Rose" with more dash and feeling than anyone on the stage.

And because Miss Ulric leads the quietest of off-stage lives, few people really know if Tiger Rose becomes tame when she leaves the stage-door, or if all the fire and intensity is Lenore Ulric herself.

When I came into her dressing-room after the performance, she had slipped into a demure negligee, but still wore Rose Bocion's vivid makeup and impudent hair. "Ah," I thought, "she is primitive!" But in a moment the hair, rippling down in soft waves about her face, and the makeup rubbed off, changed her to a gentle, modest girl with the only touch of the "wilds" in her delightful lack of Broadway sophistication.

"How did I come to play these 'wild' parts?" she echoed my question, with just a suspicion of the clear-cut accent she used on the stage, "first of all because I'm dark, I think. Naturally people associated me with Spanish and Indian characters. And then, you see, there are so few small actresses who can play emotional parts. We usually associate big emotions with those great, magnificent women like Margaret Anglin, Julia Arthur or Helen Ware.

BUT the public likes the unknown—either in types or atmosphere. That is why, being an ingénue in size, and yet being able to play these elemental characters, it has found a place for me. We love what we don't know and live every day. That is why people flock to Mr. Belasco's plays which take them to out-of-the-way places, because, through him, they see the very soul of things that otherwise would be just vague to them.

"In a play like 'Tiger Rose,' with such big struggles, you must live the part every time. But it is easy, because the settings are so real, that the moment you step on the stage, you slip almost unconsciously into the part, just as the audience is swept into the story.

"At rehearsals I always go 'in front,' into the empty house, and just let the atmosphere of the scene on the stage seep into me, until I feel that that room is my home, or else that the woods are as real to me as they are to the girl in the play herself."

It is easy to see that Miss Ulric is the sort of actress to do fine things. She is so sympathetic, so eager, and so patient in perfecting details.

"How do you work out a part?"

"First, I develop my own conception—good or bad. And then, when I feel I have done all I could, Mr. Belasco 'edits' it, he polishes the good points, shows me where I am wrong, and then develops the material that we select as worth while. He has the most graphic way of explaining, it would be almost impossible to misunderstand him. His descriptions are like an open picture-book.

"I must always have what I call my 'mechanics'—the words and action—perfected until I do them unconsciously. Then I can begin to feel. That seems to me the only way to act."

Now that Mr. Belasco has Miss Claire and Miss Ulric safely launched on what bids fair to be famous careers, he will soon look for other worlds to conquer with other little girls—Jeanne Eagles has already made her début under his banner.

Fairchild

JEANNE EAGLES

Under Belasco's management in a new comedy "Daddies," which has already opened on tour

De Strelecki

INA CLAIRE

Who is greatly responsible for the all-season run of "Polly With a Past"

Davis and Sanford

LENORE ULRIC

"Tiger Rose," who plays primitive emotional parts with dash and feeling

FLYING COLORS IN BELASCO'S BANNER

FAVORITES OF YESTERDAY

Grandpapa's opinion of stage girls then and now

By CHARLES BURNHAM

REGGIE, after an evening spent at the theatre enjoying the latest musical-comedy with its usual "girlie" trimmings, wandered home with the aid of a taxi, his mind

Adah Isaacs Menken

filled with rapturous thoughts of the "broilers" he had seen, of the snappy little "girl" who could dance but couldn't sing, and the "leading lady," so lovely to look at, who could neither dance nor sing, nor act. At breakfast the next morning, he couldn't refrain from giving audible expression to his enthusiasm.

"Say, grandpop," he exclaimed, as he started on the coffee and rolls, "you should see the girls in the new show. They're some swell little dames—take it from me. Such shapes, such pep! I've often heard you speak of the stage favorites of your day. But they sure couldn't have anything on those I saw last night. Some peaches, believe me!"

"Quite right, my boy," replied gran-pop, as he laid aside his morning paper and peered over his spectacles, "they were quite different. We didn't call them 'girls,' but women, and as for being 'peaches,' they were fruit-ful, when it came to talent and beauty. Let me tell you, young man, the women of the stage in my day were not for 'show' alone, but could both 'show' and 'act.' Here, hand me that album, and while you look at their pictures I will tell you something of the stage favorites when I went to the theatre.

"This is the picture of a young lady known as Felicia Vestvali. We young chaps would wait at the stage door after her appearance and relieve the horses of the honor of drawing her to her hotel. We acclaimed her queen of our hearts the night we first heard her in opera at a theatre which stood in lower Broadway. She possessed a beautiful voice, was able to converse in six languages, understood the ancient as well as the modern poets and could perform upon many instruments. How many of your present-day 'broilers' can do as much?

"Here is another old-time favorite—a woman who enslaved the hearts of the greatest men of two continents. Such perfection of form and feature, such grace and talent rarely fell to the lot of any one individual. A *danseuse*, an actress, mistress of foreign languages, a poetess and the publisher and editress of a newspaper—and, then—she appeared in 'Mazeppa.' That may not mean anything in your young life, but it did in mine. Imagine being n a theatre and reading in the bills that 'Adah Isaacs Menken would appear as Mazeppa, making the Ascents, Descents, and the Thrilling Flight around the Auditorium in front of the first circle of boxes while bound to the back of a Wild Horse.' Further imagine, if you can, of seeing this wonderful woman appearing in a costume—well—it was nearly a costume, though it was of silk fleshings—and then if you have any imagination left, consider the feelings that existed in our breast when that fiery steed, with its fair burden, passed close to where we were seated. Your run-ways of today, my boy, with girls passing among the audience is no new trick. As for her acting, well, we were not all of one mind then any more than now. Some failed to see her charm, claiming she was an actress of the strictly physical school, contending that criticisms of her acting were

Felicia Vestvali

mainly confined to discussion of the length of her skirts.

"Another *danseuse*, famous also as actress and singer, made her first appearance at that old theatre, known as Burton's, which stood on Chambers Street. She was quite young, but she danced and sang her way into our hearts and when she grew older we were still her ardent admirers. A number of us swains tried to serenade her one night at her home. She lived in a small house, one of a row all built alike, and stationing ourselves beneath what we supposed was her bedroom window, started to sing,

"Sweet Kate Pennoyer—"

when suddenly the window was opened, a masculine head appeared, and in a mimicking voice,

Lydia Thompson

Pauline Markham

Eliza Weathersby

Photos Underwood and Underwood

Mrs. Gould, Lieutenant Murray and staff on the stage of the Ellis Island Theatre

"All sorts and conditions"—a typical audience at Ellis Island

MRS. GEORGE J. GOULD, as Chairman of the Entertainment Committee of the Mayor's Committee of Women on National Defense, has built and equipped a theatre. It is situated in a hall at the Ellis Island Naval Receiving Station. Mrs. Gould donated the stage, velvet curtains, three sets of scenery, lights, properties, etc., and here professional performances are given for the U. S. sailors. A vaudeville program is arranged, many of the most famous stars in the theatrical world volunteering their services. "Sometimes," says the N. Y. *Times*, "a sombre note is injected. The program is stopped, a bugler sounds attention, the name of a ship is read by the officer and the number of men called—75, 100, 150—whatever the number may be—rise from the audience and march out, to go under sealed orders they know not whither. As they fall in formation to march to get their kits the men in the audience all break out in a lusty shout of song, 'Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go from here?' "

"The Entertainment Bulletin" announces the "prescription of happiness" for each night. Lieutenant Murray, Commandant of the Naval Receiving Station at Ellis Island and Mrs. George Jay Gould

A THEATRE FOR OUR BOYS IN BLUE

sarcastically informed us, that

"Sweet Kate Pennoyer,
Lives three doors below 'yer."

"That's all right gran-pop, but if you will come with me and see 'The Follies' "—

"'The Follies,' why that is only a modern 'Black Crook.' Ah, there was a piece that showed true to form—I mean the human form. Talk about 'show girls'—that is all they can do. Here is one who could both show and do. Anna Kemp, the original Stalacta in 'The Crook,' was a member of the leading opera company of those days, and an excellent actress as well. I grant you the costume is not so taking as some of those Ziegfeldian ones of the present time and it does make her look a bit queer, but styles in clothes change, and it was her voice that counted. Good singers were more successful in attracting attention in those days than good lookers.

"Now, here is Millie Cook, whom we called a good looker and a fair actress. She was clever though, and followed Kemp as Stalacta in 'The Black Crook.'

"Here are some of the charming women who came over here with Lydia Thompson. This one is a picture of Eliza Weathersby, one of the great favorites of the time. Clever as a dancer, actress and singer. She was Nat Goodwin's wife number one.

"When this young woman first arrived here she created a havoc in the bosoms of the young men of the day, almost creating a social disaster in some families. In the heyday of her youth she was dubbed the 'legitimate' successor to that well-known lady of Milo. Your 'Follies' can show none superior to Pauline Markham. And who can you match against this once bewitching creature, Lydia Thompson, with her wealth of golden hair—dyed I grant you—which set a style that made brunettes seem out of date. She was blessed with the gift of perpetual youth, which, added to her talent, made her one of the most charming and versatile actresses our stage has ever seen.

"Some day while walking down the avenue you may chance to meet a tall gracious appearing lady with a pair of dark, piercing, yet gentle looking eyes, gracefully carrying the added years which have come to her since I first saw her disport on the stage of the old Olympic in 'Humpty Dumpty.' Emily Rigl was one of two sisters who captivated the town when ballet dancing was the rage, and afterwards became a prominent member of Augustin Daly's company."

"That's all right, gran-pop, lock up your pictures and store them away with your other memories, and then some night come down on Forty-second Street, I will take you to a theatre where you will see—some real live ones."

FEMALE IMPERSONATION

By HAROLD SETON

SINCE the outbreak of the Great War, the newspapers have on various occasions contained accounts of plays produced by soldiers at cantonments, sailors at training-stations, and prisoners of war who have been interned. Furthermore, figures have been published showing these men arrayed in all manner of fanciful attire, the group generally including at least one fellow in woman's clothes.

In a Sunday supplement a photograph was reproduced of a young sailor at the Great Lakes Training Station in a startlingly realistic impersonation of a stage beauty. In a tour of the neighboring towns a vaudeville troupe from the 306th Infantry started out from Camp Upton, Long Island, and presented individual specialties, including a female impersonation.

Pictures have come from Germany showing British war prisoners arrayed for a theatrical performance, some disguised as women, and pictures have also come from England showing German war prisoners in similar attire. Motion pictures of life behind the firing lines have shown soldiers amusing their comrades as female impersonators. These instances only go to prove that the love of masquerade, especially the love of masquerade in the garments of the opposite sex, is to-day, as in the days of old, an instinct in human nature for the provocation of mystery or mirth.

Away from the firing lines, away from the training camps, do not the residents of American cities and towns flock to the movies when Julian Eltinge's appearance is announced, to marvel at this actor's "ambisextrous" ability? Similarly, does not London still laugh, as it has laughed for the past twenty years, at the spectacle of Malcolm Scott, one of the bright lights of the music halls, whose specialty has always been the female impersonation of a grotesque type?

Who that has visited the vaudeville shows of Paris, Rome, Berlin and Vienna has not seen men in women's clothes? Who that has traveled in the Orient has not seen female impersonators in Constantinople, Bagdad, Pekin and Yokohama? It was only a couple of generations ago that women were first introduced upon the stage of Japan, and the most popular performer in China is still the female impersonator. China and Japan are full of them.

Female impersonation began when dramatic art began. Theatrical presentations originated when the ancient Greeks performed their religious rites before the Temple of Dionysius. The chorus danced around the altar while the solitary actor declaimed in honor of the deity. In the course of time this procedure became elaborated, and eventually the production of tragedy became a State institution in Athens. Suitable places were provided for the performance, one being the Orchestra, near the Agora, where a circular dancing-place was surrounded by raised seats for the spectators. In Rome, at a later period, plays were presented at the public games, and at shows provided on special occasions by private individuals.

In Greece and in Rome all rôles in these religious rites and dramatic performances were taken by men, some attired as men and some as women. Masks were worn, of masculine or feminine type, and the female impersonators had garments differing from the men's, and trailing on the ground.

During the Middle Ages theatrical performances continued in the form of dialogues delivered in the church, during the services at Christmas and Easter, the priests serving as actors. These dialogues were enlarged upon, until, during the twelfth century, plays were presented in the vernacular, the various episodes in the Scriptural story being depicted from the Creation to the Last Judgment. These Miracle Plays were acted either in the church itself or on a scaffold by the church walls. Priests, acolytes and choir boys were the sole participants. Records have been preserved of such performances, with descriptions of the parts played by men in impersonating the Virgin Mary, Mary Magdalene, the two sisters of Lazarus, and other women of the Bible.

By the fifteenth century allegorical dramas portraying the conflict between the personified powers of good and evil for the possession of the soul of man were fully developed. These Morality Plays afforded increased opportunities for acting. Then, too, gorgeous spectacles were provided in the form of pageants, various events being illustrated on different floats, which passed in review before the throng of spectators. But, for the benefit of smaller towns and private houses, bands of strolling players were organized and wandered about the country. In England such players formed a guild as early as 1469.

These actors performed in the courtyards of inns or in the banquet halls of nobles. No women were included in the company, all female characters being interpreted by men or boys, many of whom were adept in such presentations. When a boy's voice changed he was transferred to male rôles, and another boy was substituted for female parts.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth these companies increased in prestige, until it became a great distinction for a nobleman to have players under his protection. The most celebrated company of all was that formed by the Earl of Leicester, with James Burbage as leader, because Shakespeare subsequently joined it, wrote all of his plays for it, and produced them all with it. Men and boys created the rôles of Juliet, Ophelia, Desdemona, Rosalind and Lady Macbeth.

It was James Burbage who built the first public theatre in England, which he established just outside of London in 1576. Later other theatres were built, but all of them were closed during the civil wars and under Cromwell's protectorate. But at the time of the Restoration, in 1660, theatres were opened and plays were produced with great success. At this period women first appeared upon the stage, which fact is duly noted by Samuel Pepys in his famous diary.

Since that time innumerable dramatists have employed the device of having women disguise themselves as men, frequently under tragic circumstances, and innumerable dramatists have employed the device of having men disguise themselves as women, though for farcical effect. And so to-day American audiences laugh at George Munroe, masquerading as a fat old woman, or at Fred Stone masquerading as a female circus-rider or a female skater on ice. Similarly, American and foreign soldiers and sailors laugh at their comrades or shipmates tricked out in frills and furbelows.

Yet the Bible distinctly says: "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment, for all that do so are abomination unto the Lord thy God."

From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg

DOLLY SISTERS

The dainty, piquant, adorable Dollies who have just signed a three-year contract with Comstock and Gest. With Harry Fox they are taking "Oh, Look" to Chicago for a summer run, after which they will probably open the Princess Theatre with a new piece

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

© *Ira L. Hill*

FLORENCE O'DENISHAWN

A SOUTHERNER, shorn of her accent, is Miss Florence O'Denishawn, of "Hitchy-Koo, 1918," About the Globe Theatre and along the Rialto they designate her as "The girl who stopped the show on Hitchcock's opening night." She did, indeed, interrupt the action of the revue, dammed the stream of gay nonsense. How? By her youth—she is not yet twenty—by her beauty, and by the classic grace of her dancing. Florence, though born Andrews, had a romantic start. She was born amid magnolia blooms. In a far Lousiana city they allude to her as "One of Shreveport's fairest daughters, suh." After attending a finishing school she enrolled as a pupil at Denishawn, the school of grace, directed by Ted Shawn and his wife, Ruth St. Denis, and adopted as her stage name, the name of the school, Denishawn. She joined Miss St. Denis on a concert tour. Subsequently she appeared for eighteen months in a vaudeville circuit. In "Hitchy-Koo" she made her début in a Broadway production. It was her Egyptian dance at the end of the second act that "stopped the show"

BERNARD McOWEN

HAVING played Hamlet with an amateur company at the age of fourteen, Bernard McOwen, who plays Michael Devlin in "Tiger Rose," made his first professional appearance in a melodrama, "Marked for Life." Thereafter he was a popular stock actor in Chicago, St. Louis and other cities of the Middle West. He was a pillar of the temple of "The Nigger," of "A Thousand Years Ago" and "The Climax." For five years he was of the Comstock and Gest forces. To Cleveland went George Middleton and Guy Bolton with their play, "Polly With a Past." Belasco saw him and engaged him

© *Marceau*

CLARE EAMES

EMMA EAMES scolds her niece after a performance and the next performance records a one hundred per cent. improvement. Clare Eames is the daughter of the grand opera singer's brother, a business man of Cleveland. Representatives of the Greenwich Village Theatre saw her in a performance and engaged her. She conquered critics and audience in Schnitzler's play, "The Big Scene"

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

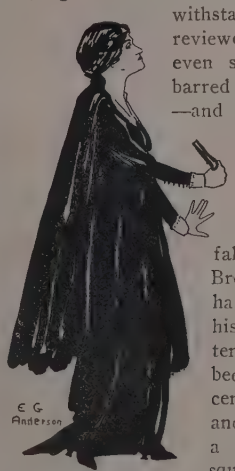
Laurette Taylor in "Happiness"

NEVER before within the memory of man have we enjoyed a season quite so pithecoid and so momentary. It has been a period replete with meteoric rises and falls. The significance of it all is quite beyond human ken.

Naturally enough, the martial influence has prevailed throughout. Last year about this time we were all inquiring as to what effect the war would have on the theatre. Now we know.

I believe the first engagement (in the military sense) of the season was the Brady-Brenon skirmish, though strictly speaking, that was more to the credit of the screen than of the stage. Just what it was all about, deponent sayeth not; but 'twas a famous victory, and one of the antagonists, perhaps fascinated by this taste of war, has since gone to Europe to get more of the real article.

A regrettable feature of this phase of the season's activity is that to the time of volplaning to press, there have been almost no casualties among either critics or managers. Samuel Shipman's long-cherished ambition to slay a producer has not been realized, although plenty of people would be glad to pick the producer. No critic, so far as I know, has been mauled by a manager in any club or café—all good and sufficient provocation notwithstanding. Indeed, no reviewers of note have even so much as been barred from any theatre—and surely this is a record.



Mrs. Fiske in "Service"

Apparently the only serious adventures in this line have befallen Heywood Broun. He, no doubt, has had more than his share. Not content with having been deleted by the censor in France and stood up before a "moral firing squad" by Mr. Creel, this sprightly (if not spritely) critic—whose abilities were formerly so highly appreciated by Miss Barrymore—has succeeded in drawing the fire of the redoubtable Miss Eva Tanguay, the "parsnip of performers."

There have been other minor engagements. For instance, it required two complete knockouts to make Sidney Rosenfeld realize that he had been licked. And Arnold Daly has shown a similarly grim determination.

The murder under most harrowing circumstances of William Shakespeare by Laurette Taylor, O. P. Heggie, *et al.* is still fresh in our throbbing memories, as is Walter Hampden's prompt First Aid administered to the dying man.

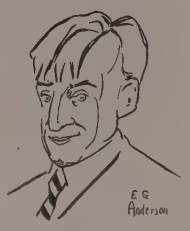
Another item that by all traditions of stage humor should fall under the caption "War" concerns the following query which has been much on our well-known billboards of late:

"WHY MARRY?"
NAT GOODWIN

For the life of me I can't think of a satisfactory answer. By some strange association of ideas, I am reminded only of the fact that Douglas Fairbanks gave largely of his gold dust to Uncle Sam for war uses, and that Mary Pickford, to say nothing of Charles Chaplin, Enrico Caruso, John McCormack, and others, immediately thereafter did likewise. This is probably matter for psycho-analysis.

Of course, the real Battle of Picardy, so far as the theatre is concerned, was, and is still being fought by the armies of Generals Klaw and Erlanger on the one side and the cohorts of Admirals Jake and Lee on the other. Will this war last long? So far, it looks like a draw. It is true that the Shuberts have captured the Woods after a sanguinary struggle, but the other side has a firm grip on a considerable extent of territory. One shudders to think of the war debts that are bound to accumulate. And one marvels at the weird alliances induced by such a conflict.

Taking a sort of Toxen Worm's-eye view of the entire season, one promptly notes that speed has been its most outstanding characteristic. Plays have come and gone with a rapidity that has fairly made one giddy. "Friend Martha" set the fashion and the pace. Close on her flying heels came Allen Doone, "The Lassoo," "The Deluge," "Good Night, Paul," Henry Miller, Eugene Walter, Marie Doro, William Hurlbut, John Cort, Clare Kummer, Frank Craven, two Eves (one by Grace George and the other by Laurette Taylor), "Romance and Arabella," "Art and Opportunity," "Furs and Frills," "Daybreak," "Sweet Kitty," "Three Bears," "Words and Music," "Broken Threads," "Rosamund,"—the list stretches out to infinity, the imagination sickens, and the censor reels.



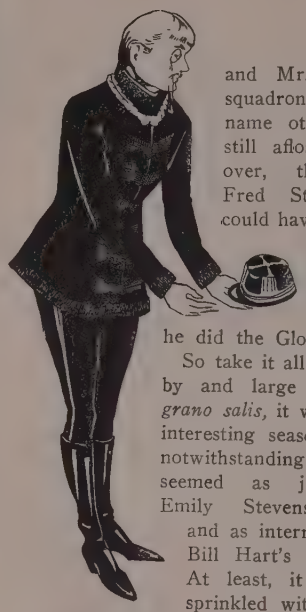
Raymond Hitchcock in "Hitchy-Koo"

It got so for a while that starting out from 201st Street to see "Here Comes the Bride," you were lucky if you got in in time to catch a glimpse of "The Grass Widow." Even the most utter disregard of the speed laws would get you nothing closer to your original aim than "The Naughty Wife."

And then there was that terrible period of depression right in the middle of things when a Liberty Loan was piled like Pelion on top of a mayoralty campaign and the Ossa of a ten per cent. war tax was added unto the aforesaid Pelion. No wonder managers and playwrights turned gray over night! The Spectre of Poverty stared them in the face at every turn. For a while it began to look as if only a million dollars was going to be the maximum of profit to be expected from any one show of the season.

Mme. Nazimova in "The Wild Duck"

But the long road had its turning, and many a producer was at the eleventh hour saved from the poorhouse. When the reconstruction period was under way, we looked about us and saw that "A Tailor-Made Man" and "Eyes of Youth" and "Business Before Pleasure" and "Chu Chin Chow"



Leo Ditrichstein in 'The King"

and Mr. Belasco's squadron, not to name others, were still afloat. Moreover, there was Fred Stone, who could have filled the Hippodrome quite as easily as he did the Globe.

So take it all in all and by and large and *cum grano salis,* it was a very interesting season indeed, notwithstanding that it seemed as jumpy as Emily Stevens' acting and as interminable as Bill Hart's upper lip. At least, it was besprinkled with a variety of amusing little trifles. For instance, an entire act from "Her Market Value," turned up in "Eyes of Youth" without making the least fuss in the world about it, and Marjorie Rambeau thus went right on playing Willard Mack.

Very little prominence, moreover, was given to the fact that the soldier skit acted by Jack Norworth and accomplices in "Odds and Ends" was from the "Rosy Rapture," which Sir James M. Barrie wrote for that celebrated throne—emptyer, Gaby Deslys. Moreover, nearly all the unclaimed slang phrases were made into more or less successful musical-comedies by Messrs. Wodehouse, Bolton, and Kern in some combination or other. Any argot they slighted was promptly taken care of by others of our latter-day Gilberts and Sullivans.

The actors naturally got into the game early and often. Lester Lonergan further illuminated New York's streak of incandescence (Thursdays and Sundays excepted) with "The Torches." But they soon flickered, and nobody—not Channing Pollock nor yet Walter Prichard Eaton—could tell exactly why. That is, nobody but John Corbin, a critic so erudite that he calls the classic authors by their first names. I am not sure, but I think the reason was that he didn't make the translation.

Norman Trevor excited a bit of comment as time went on and he began to be seen every day or so in some new production. I can't begin to name the others who deserve honorable mentions or iron crosses.

Let it suffice so say that we missed Lyn Harding, but the race was very spirited, and that along toward the end, Lionel Barrymore dusted into the stretch with his mane in a braid and carried off the blue ribbon.

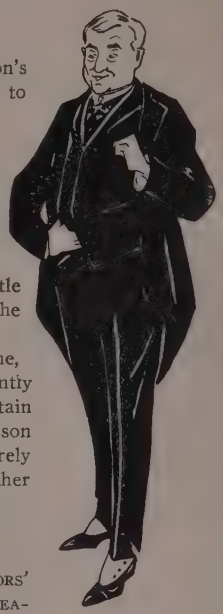
I mean, of course, the Gentleman's Prize. As for the ladies,—ah, no; I haven't forgotten what happened to a party from Troy, name of Paris. Nevertheless, I shall breathe the name of Nazimova—thereby risking much critical opprobrium. I am thankful for her Ibsen. Great is Alla! But I feel that the movies are her principal profit.

And there are other little matters. With what delight we hailed the heralding of Galli-Curci by means of all the old temperament stuff warmed over from the days of Patti or Calvé or Tetrazzini. That is, all of us but Mr. Caruso. But I forgot; that's grand opera stuff.

Let's see. Oh, yes; romantic claptrap is as valuable as ever. Watch Mr. Belasco's bank-roll grow. But goo is going down: I refer to "The Three Bears" and "The Pipes of Pan." As for the *risqué*—oh, well, "Lombardi" and "Flo-Flo" got along; and Mr. Woods did very nicely, thank you, with—was it "Parlor, Bathroom, and Bed?" As for the Greenwich Village folks, they put on a regular flabbergaster: I think the name was "Carrion" or something.

I really had hoped to remind you of several other important matters. There was Louis Sherwin's self-amazing discovery that "The Wild Duck" is quite funny in spots. And Clayton Hamilton's further addition to the gayety of nations—about "Tanqueray" being the greatest English play since Sheridan, and all that. And Arnold Daly's charming little comedy about the Kaiser. And—

But space fails me, and I must reluctantly ring down the curtain on a dramatic season which we all sincerely hope may have neither epilogue nor sequel.



Nat Goodwin in "Why Marry?"

FULTON. ACTORS' AND AUTHORS' THEATRE. "The Good Men Do," by Hubert Osborne, with the following cast:

Nurse	Grace Griswold
Jenkyns	H. Asheton Tonge
Judith	Victoria Montgomery
Suzanna	Hilda Spong
Mistress Whately	Grace Fisher
Anne Hathaway	Mrs. Thomas A. Wise
Dr. John Hall	Albert Gran
The Vicar	Maxwell Ryder

"HER HONOR, THE MAYOR," a comedy by Arline Van Ness Hines. Produced on May 23rd with this cast:

Miss Midge	Olive May
Windsor	Arthur Cornell
Mrs. Stimson Barr	Amelia Summerville
Mrs. Emmy Wilkins	Ada Gilman
Minnie Scott	Mary Blair
Julia Kennedy,	Laura Nelson Hall
Mrs. Emmett Potts,	Florence Pendleton
Miss Lucretia Dobbs,	Julia Rheinhardt
Henrietta Holt	Marion Kerby
Rev. Tanner	Etienne Girardot
Buddy Martin,	Charles H. Meredith
Jerry McGrath,	J. Irving Southard
Miss Miller	Auriol Lee
Elsie Harris	Margalo Gilmore
John Martin	Brandon Hurst
Frank Stanton,	Edward Fielding
Sofie Wojeska	Zola Talma

THERE would seem to be a distinct place in New York stage life for the Actors' and Authors' Theatre, Inc. Its purpose is to present simply but appropriately new untried plays by such actors and actresses as may at the time be wanting in permanent engagements. Excellent casts are thereby assured. But like all new ventures, time is

Gregory Kelly and Ruth Gordon in "Seventeen"

needed to get such an organization into smooth running order.

Its initial programme was hardly up to standard. The players were entirely adequate and worked harmoniously and effectively together. It was the playwrights who fell down. The curtain raiser, "The Good Men Do," by Hubert Osborne, a scene at the bier of Shakespeare, had genuine atmosphere and a literary flavor of distinct merit, but its story was tenuous and its finale lacking in necessary conviction. Mrs. Thomas A. Wise distinguished herself as the shrewish, selfish relict of the immortal poet.

"Her Honor, the Mayor," a comedy in three acts, by Arline Van Ness Hines, was a machine-made product, lifeless as far as character was concerned and fairly reeking with a succession of scenes, that had all done service before. The idea was one that in the hands of an expert might have amounted to something. As developed by Miss or Mrs. Hines, it was nothing but prosaic artificiality. The title rôle was acted with much spontaneous glibness and nice naturalness by Laura Nelson Hall. Ada Gilman, J. Irving Southard and Zola Talma shone conspicuously in the production.

ASTOR. "Rock-a-Bye Baby." Musical-comedy in three acts. Book by Edgar Allan Woolf and Margaret Mayo; music by Jerome Kern; lyrics by Herbert Reynolds. Produced on May 22nd with this cast:

Archie Drummond	Carl Hyson
Monte Laidlow	Alan Hale
George Westbury	Eddy Meyers
Madame Tentelucci	Edna Munsey
Bell Boy	S. Sydney Chon
Alfred Hardy	Frank Morgan
Zoie Hardy	Edna Hibbard
Jimmy Jinks	Walter Jones
Chauffeur	Frank Derr
Aggie Jinks	Louise Dresser
Dorothy Manners	Dorothy Dickson
Maid	Claire Nagle
Weenie	Mae Carmen
Finnegan	Gus Baci
Weenie's Father	H. Nelson Dickson
Pasquale	Arthur Lipson

IT has become the fashion of late to make musical pieces out of straight farces. The latest attempt in this direction is a musicalized version of Margaret Mayo's amusing farce, "Baby Mine." Edgar Allan Woolf undertook to make the book, Herbert Reynolds wrote the lyrics, while Jerome Kern furnished the music. The result of this formidable collaboration was recently presented at the Astor under the title "Rock-a-bye Baby."

It is only a summer show, but the music proved to be one of the best scores Broadway has heard in many a day, while thanks to Miss Mayo's farcical situations, the librettist finds no difficulty in keeping his auditors amused. There are several capital songs, one of which is *"There's no Better Use for Time Than Kissing,"* which the heroine sings while sitting up in bed. Others that caught the public's fancy are *"According to Dr. Holt,"* and *"My Own Light Infantry,"* the latter a pretty nursing melody.

Ethel Barrymore in "The Lady with the Camellias"

Edna Hibbard, an attractive ingénue, plays the rôle of Zole originated by Marguerite Clark. She gave an agreeable though somewhat colorless performance. Dorothy Dickson made a hit in her small part, and Louise Dresser was applauded in several numbers.

The piece is attractively staged.

GLOBE. "Hitchy-Koo, 1918." Revue in two acts by Glen MacDonough and Raymond Hubbell. Produced on June 6th with this cast:

Yogi	Ivan Arbuckle
Yogi's Assistant	Geo. Spelvin
Plain Clothes Man	Warren Jackson
Officer	R. E. Addis
Lem Balliss	Felix Rush
Stenographer	Ruth Mitchell
Martha Pringle	Helen Weer
The Modern Siren	Iren Bordoni
A Manager	Raymond Hitchcock
A Backer	Leon Errol
Brass Knuckle Bessie	George Moore
Muck-a-Weena	Eleanor Sinclair
Agony Al	Charles Cartmell
Big Bill	James Miller
Small Change	Roy Cummings
Loose Cash	Frank Bessinger
Mag	June Roberts
Mary	Gertrude Rial
Tilly	Emma Haig
Kate	Ray Dooley
Carmen	Sara Kouns
Jacinta	Nellie Kouns

I LIKE the summer attraction because after the hard work of the winter months, none of the warm weather shows ever tax the critic's brain.

"Hitchy-Koo," 1918 vintage, is somewhat more pretentious than its 1917 predecessor. If my memory serves me right, Mr. Hitchcock made a point of Hooverizing on scenery and costumes in his first production. Not so this time. Both the scenery and costumes are clever and attractive.

As to the show itself, what more can one expect than to be entertained and amused? You get both in a good measure in "Hitchy-Koo." Mr. Hitchcock is the Hitchcock of old, although his voice seems to have improved. I wonder if, notwithstanding the numerous charities and other noble work he claims to have done, he has found time to take a few singing lessons!

Leon Errol is always a scream. His work in the "Dinner Is Served" scene, where he takes the part of a chef, is alone worth the price of admission. That clever actress, Ray Dooley, who appears successively as a grown-up baby in the first act and a kitchen maid in the second, is well worth watching. I also enjoyed the antics of Roy Cummings, a graduate from vaudeville. The dancing of Florence O'Denishawn deserves special mention. Nor must I forget the chorus which has a full share of beauties.

As a whole, as summer entertainment goes, this is one of the best seen in New York in many a day, but, as I stated before, it will hardly tax anyone's brain.

CENTURY. "Biff-Bang." A song and dance revue, by and with the sailors from Pelham Naval Training Camp. Music by William Schroeder; lyrics by William Isreal, Robert D. Cohen, Frank Mills and Joseph Fields. Book by Philip Dunning. Dances by Dinnie MacDonald. Produced on May 30th with the following cast:

The Sailor	George Robinson
The Girl	Alonzo King
The Mother	George Wulfing
The Chicago Millionaire,	John J. Byrnes
Gypsies,	Arthur Leydecker, Willis Claire, Harry Davies
The Cabaret Queen	Hugh Dillman
The Two Detectives,	William Isreal, Robert D. Cohen
The Kid Brother	Jimmie Fox

If the sailor boys from Pelham called their revue "Biff-Bang" with the idea of scoring sure-fire musical hits and strike-the-bull's eye comedy scenes they must be credited with a mighty accurate aim.

Whether the show was originally well-written or the result of expert cutting I cannot say, but the audience was hardly subjected to a dull moment throughout the performance, and the contrast in scenes and melodies would be a good example for the Broadway revue-ists to follow.

Philip Dunning, whose book was unobtrusively adequate, wisely kept away from all talk of the war. Not a gun or a battleship was in evidence, and the chorus, whose beauty was its own reward, was wisely put to the fore. William Schroeder, whose songs heretofore have been too complicated to be widely popular, wrote a consistently tuneful and stick-to-you score, with a waltz called *"Love"* that will be this year's successor to the *"Sweetheart"* number in "Maytime."

The ensembles, under the able direction of one Dinnie MacDonald, were both lively and original, and the pony ballet had mastered the difficult steps to such a degree that it could dance with true professional indifference.

But the real hit of the show was scored by a ravishing row of "show girls," so magnificently gowned as to bring tears of envy to Ziegfeld's eyes. One blonde beauty on the end could work more havoc in Berlin in his "Biff-Bang" makeup than he ever could in his Navy uniform.

Lest too much beauty should corrupt New York, there was a full quota of comedy scenes including "Things We Pay to See," that was a series of pertinent burlesque on the movies, the circus—and other things, and a hilarious dance grotesque by Wulfing and Fox, that was wildly acclaimed as an imitation of the Dooleys.

The principals, including Alonzo King as a piquant bride, and Edward Costello in a charming 1830 dance, were good, but not startling enough to impede the straight-to-Berlin action of the show.

"Biff-Bang" even succeeded in crowding the Century, which is one more point for the Navy.

FULTON. Actors' and Authors' Theatre. Four one-act plays. "Muggins," a comedy by Frank J. Gregory, with the following cast:

Mrs. Hodge	Mrs. Thomas A. Wise
Maggie Hodge	Elizabeth Risdon
Muggins	Whitford Kane

"Art's Rejuvenation," an operetta by Kenneth and Roy Webb, with this cast:

Art	Harrison Brockbank
Antique	Harold Fowler
Cynicus	Hamilton Earle
Wisdom	Hal Forde
Sculpture	Gertrude Dallas
Painting	Rene Detling
Poetry	Betty Daintry
Music	Jean Webb

"Nocturne," a drama by A. P. Wharton, with this cast:

Martha Blac burne	Minnie Dupree
Cecilia Hope	Auriol Lee
Mrs. Gaul	Marion Kerby
James Trantbridge	Dudley E. Oatman
The Man in Grey	Courtenay Foote

"The Best Sellers," a musical fantasy by Kenneth and Roy Webb, with this cast:

Queen Wilhemina	Edith Taliaferro
George Washington van Rensalaer,	Charles Meredith
Lady Claire	Edith Taliaferro
John Smith	Regan Hughston
Faro Kate	Edith Taliaferro
Capt. Blake	Regan Hughston
Black Ben	J. Irving Southard
The Buyer	Dudley E. Oatman
The Seller	Agnes Patterson

EITHER there is a paucity of really good material or the play committee of the Actors' and Authors' Theatre, Inc., is lacking in discrimination, for its second bill now on view at the Fulton, consisting of four one-act pieces, is far from satisfactory.

Its final item, an hilarious sublimated vaudeville sketch by the Webb brothers, Kenneth and Roy, called "The Best Sellers," is a very amusing skit on the exaggerated vagaries by some of our popular authors. It is admirably acted in the true vein of burlesque by Edith Taliaferro, Chas. Meredith, Regan Hughston and J. Irving Southard. Mr. Hughston is a veritable artist. A couple of the sketches were of English origin. If there are not two of American composition equal to these in either theme or treatment then the native drama is in a parlous state.

In "Muggins," the opening number by Frank J. Gregory, Whitford Kane gives his familiar impersonation of an abashed Lancashire suitor. This time failing to win the daughter, he follows on and woos and takes to wife the mother. It is all very ingenuous and palpable. Mrs. Wise and Elizabeth Risdon help out. "Nocturne," by A. P. Wharton, is the dream romance of a poor, overworked, disillusioned spinster. It took an unconscionable time to plant its premises. Whether they were worth the time and effort may be open to debate. I vote no. Minnie Dupree was a gentle, pathetic figure and her shadowy Lancelot was poetically presented by Courtney Foote. An operetta by the Webb brothers, called Art's Rejuvenation, completed the bill. Symbolically fantastic it contains a mild appeal. Harrison Brockbank, Hamilton Earle and Hal Forde did full justice to its score. To add further to the spice of variety, M. and Mme. Edouard de Kurylo gave a so-called dance of the American Indian.

Various War Benefits. Music even hath charms to win the wary dollar after we've "given until it hurts," as the President advised, and the Red Cross, the Thrift Stamp Campaign, and many war charities have been aided by monster concerts within the past month.

Although these events are of musical, rather than dramatic, importance, the theatrical profession has helped the song-birds and instrumentalists by working hand in hand.

The greatest undertaking was the Thrift Stamp Festival, when Mendelssohn's *"Elijah"* was given at the Polo Grounds on Sunday afternoon, June second, with a chorus of ten thousand voices under the baton of Lieutenant John Philip Sousa, who had his great marine band, and Sophie Braslau, Marie Sundelius, Oscar Seagle, and Charles Harrison among the soloists.

Like all those mammoth affairs, the anticipation was far better than the realization. The two men singers had fine diction, but the chorus, which took half an hour to march on the field and find their places, was less impressive than a single soloist. The thousands of voices seemed to lose themselves in some air vacuum and merge into insignificance. The Polo Grounds will never have a successful open air choral until it bows to the inevitable, and erects a temporary sounding-board behind the singers.

Of course, they were exposed to a broiling sun, and every few minutes some unfortunate chorister would keel over, to be revived by hard-working sailors with buckets of water. *"Elijah"* was pretty near being in the wilderness, as far as discomfort was concerned.

The one enthusiastic bit of the afternoon was when Leon Rothier sang the *"Marseillaise"* with superb fervor and the vast audience rose to acclaim him. Aside from that, the only thrill of the occasion was the combination of an oratorio and an ice cream cone at the same time.

(*Concluded on page* 52)

THE FOLLIES BEAUTIES

Photos Alfred Cheney Johnston

LILLIAN LORRAINE

The beauty of a lovely woman is like music—ELIOT

MARGARET CLAYTON

There is no beauty on earth which exceeds the natural loveliness of womn—J. PETIT-SENN

DOLORES

She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen!—HOMER

RUTH TAYLOR

Beautiful as sweet! and young as beautiful!—YOUNG

LEONORA MASSO

Eyes darker than darkest pansies—TENNYSON

MAKING A MYSTERY OF ACTING

How many of our so-called critics recognize good acting when they see it? An inquiry

By WALTER PRITCHARD EATON

LOUIS CALVERT, skilled and experienced actor, has just published a book about his art—"Problems Of The Actor," to which Clayton Hamilton has contributed a preface. It is not my purpose to say anything about Mr. Calvert's book, which is full of sound sense, excellent advice to the young actor, the reflections drawn from ripe experience; it adds one more to the too small number of volumes about acting written by actors. If it were less excellent than it is, it would still be a blessed improvement on the traditional Sunday "interview," which is the usual way in which actors cast a fog about their art. But what I should like to do is to enter a protest against certain statements in Mr. Hamilton's introduction, because they represent a point of view toward acting which is, unfortunately, quite too common, to the very great detriment of the art.

Mr. Hamilton says, with that categorical finality of statement characteristic of Morningside Heights: "It is not unfair to state that no 'dramatic critic' of the present time (and the writer of this sentence is one among the many) knows anything at all about the craftsmanship of acting. 'Dramatic critics' are often able to elucidate the problems of the playwright. Whether or not they happen to have written plays, they are, at least, accustomed to the processes of authorship; they can tell a good play from a bad play, and can explain to the public the reason why one play is worthy of consideration and another worthy only of contempt. But when it comes to 'criticising' actors, they can merely state that they liked one performer and did not like another, and cannot—in either case—explain the reason why.

IN my entire association with the theatre—which stretches back over a period of fifteen years—I have never met a man, however cultured, whose opinions on the art of acting were of any value, unless he was himself an actor, a stage-director, or a playwright; and, from conversations with my elders, I have gathered evidence of only two laymen in the English-speaking world whose appreciation of this art could be regarded as authoritative. One if these was George Henry Lewes, whose treatise, *On Actors and the Art of Acting*—originally published in the early eighteen-seventies—is still accepted as a standard work, because no subsequent 'dramatic critic has been able to transcend and supersede it. The other was Professor Fleeming Jenkin,—the friend and teacher of Robert Louis Stevenson at the University of Edinburgh; but Jenkin was noted as an amateur actor, and perhaps, on this account, cannot rightly be regarded as a non-practitioner."

He further says that the laws of musical composition, architecture, painting, sculpture, playwriting, poetry have been expounded by the layman, but the laws of acting, never. Only an actor, he says, can expound them. And from this he seems to draw the inference that only an actor has any right to express an opinion about the practice of the art of acting.

There is just enough truth in all this to make it sound plausible, and the more people who find it plausible, the more people will give up the effort to understand the art of acting, and the lower the art will sink.

In the first place, Mr. Hamilton falls into the common confusion of lumping the art of acting with the other arts of painting, writing and so on. The art of acting, in common with the art of musical reproduction (though to a greater extent), does not depend on any fixed "laws" for its effect; it depends almost exclusively on the human personality of the actor, on the mood of the moment. Once painted, the picture is done; once written, the poem is frozen; once erected in stone or steel, the architect's building is forever a monument (or an accusation). But no actor lives who can give exactly the same performance two nights running, and no two actors live who can give the same performance of the same part. Moreover, you cannot take their art home and study it, you cannot visit it at all hours of the day to study it. You have got to see it, as they to practice it, at a certain hour, in a certain place, with all the proper accessories.

AN architect gets an effect of soaring height by accentuating the vertical and eliminating the horizontal lines, as Cass Gilbert did in the Woolworth Building, and you and I and Mr. Hamilton can tell how he did it, by standing in City Hall Park and gazing upward. But when Renaud, as Don Giovanni, sent a shiver down three thousand backbones, and keyed the opera up to the pitch of tragedy, merely by standing below the Commander's statue and throwing open his redlined cloak, who can say how he did it? I once asked him, and *he* couldn't. He admitted that his eyes probably had something to do with it, and the color of his cloak lining. Beyond that, he said it was instinct, practice in feeling out the moods of an audience, emotional intensity in his own mood reacting on the crowd—he knew not quite what. Thus Renaud, one of the greatest lyric actors in the world, and one of the most intelligent. Similarly, I once asked George Arliss how he secured the sinister effect of his entrance into the ballroom scene in "Becky Sharp" (he played Lord Steyne to Mrs. Fiske's Becky), without speaking a word. He, too, replied that his eyes had something to do with it, and, still more, he thought, the fact that before he came on, he put himself rigorously into the proper mood, which, he felt, communicated itself. There, again, we are getting, from one of the most intelligent of actors, an explanation of an effect which has little to do with "laws," with technique in the academic sense, which is the sheer metaphysics of mood and sympathy. If the actors can't do any better than this (and not even Mr. Calvert really does), why expect the poor dramatic critics to put into "laws" what they cannot?

THIS doesn't mean that acting has no technique, or that such effects can be achieved by mere "inspiration." The mere fact that each actor spoke of the use of his eyes is against any such rash statement. However, a tolerably competent observer who had made some effort to study acting from "out front" would be aware that each man used his eyes effectively, Renaud with an electric, defiant, and yet curiously terrified flash, Arliss with a droop-lidded, sinister leeriness. Now, when Strauss in "Salome" rasps the auditors' nerves by making the bass fiddles yank heavily rosined bows over the G string (or whatever string it is), while all the other instruments are silent, naturally any "critic" can explain to a waiting world all the "laws" involved in the process. It is mechanics, like Gilbert's uprights in the Woolworth Building. But quite naturally no critic can tell anybody how another man uses his eyes—he can only analyze the effect produced. When you come to read Mr. Calvert's book, you find that he cannot tell, either. He can advise the young actor to learn how to use his eyes—but he can't tell him how to do it, for the simple reason that every man's eyes are his own, and nobody else's. I have no doubt Cleopatra used her eyes, but she would have had a rather difficult time explaining the process to Queen Victoria.

It is perfectly natural, then, that in an art which so entirely depends on the personal element there is a far less body of traditional rules to guide the beginner, he has to learn far more for himself by actual practice, and, further, that what body of rules or suggestions there is has almost entirely been written by the actors themselves, who have actually practiced this art of harnessing the personality. As a matter of fact, even in architecture, painting, sculpture, it is not to the books of the critics that the students go, but to the practical practitioners. Nobody ever learned to paint by reading Ruskin—who, by the way, himself could handle a brush. Keats has made more poets than all his critics, merely by the results of his practice. But all this doesn't prove that nobody but an actor has any right to talk about acting, or can appreciate technical proficiency, or can understand the causes of difference between a good performance and a bad.

WHEN Mr. Hamilton says that no present day dramatic critic knows anything about acting, and only two in the past, he is emitting nonsense. In all conscience, America is flooded with incompetent critics, for the newspapers, as a rule, make no effort to pick men properly equipped for the delicate task of critical analysis, and do not keep them long enough on the job to acquire experience. It takes a critic some years to pick up the intricacies, just as it takes an actor some years. But there are critics who know good acting when they see it, and who can tell you why it is good. If there weren't, it would be a sad commentary on human intelligence. There have been many more in the past, some of whom wrote more interestingly than George Henry Lewes, whose dry book Mr. Hamilton so overrates. There is a critic on a New York daily at present, a man of ripe years and long observation, who knows very well the possible effects an actor could achieve in a given rôle, knows when he falls short and why he falls short. The technical fundamentals Mr. Calvert, the actor, mentions in his book are understood by this critic perfectly from long observation of players in action. They were understood by William Winter, too, who, in spite of his distaste for everything modern in playwriting, never

Photos White

Carnival scene in Mildred Cram's play, "The Door"

AN AMATEUR COMEDY CLUB PRODUCTION AT THE GARDEN THEATRE RECENTLY

Edna Hibbard Louise Dresser Frank Morgan

"ROCK-A-BYE BABY," A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY AT THE ASTOR

SOME LATE SEASON PRODUCTIONS

failed to appreciate fine acting, and could explain in the utmost detail not only the effects, but the evident means used to achieve them.

Does it take a towering genius to determine whether an actor's voice has a varied range, whether it is pitched right, whether his tones are colored to the emotion or key of the scene? It is not the critic's place to tell the actor how to train his voice, or how to color it. But, unless he is a fool, he knows whether it has been trained or colored, and he knows that certain emotional effects are gained or enhanced by a proper use of it. It is no more his business to tell the actor how to use his eyes, but he knows when the eyes have been used and when they have not been used. More than one critic knew what a splendid actor Frank Worthing was, and knows what a brilliant comedienne Laura Hope Crews is (neither of them "stars"), and just why each excelled or excels. If it were not for the prevalence of this Hamiltonian attitude, this belief that nobody but an actor can possibly tell whether acting is good or bad, or why it is good or bad, more people would listen to criticism, and there would be a keener appreciation of such players as these two.

At the production of Jesse Lynch Williams's comedy, "Why Marry?" I heard a layman (not even a critic), express a capital appreciation of Nat Goodwin's acting. "The old boy was always on hand with the oil can," he said. Now, Mr. Calvert, in his book, has a whole chapter about the duty of the actor to help the play, to contribute his share no less while the other characters are speaking than while he is speaking. Here was Mr. Goodwin bustling about, playing a delightful character, and keeping every scene when he was on the stage right up to the mark. And here was a layman in the audience grasping the fact and taking pleasure in it.

Mr. Calvert speaks of the art of listening as an important part of the actor's equipment. He tells the young player how to listen, how long to "wait on a laugh," what to do with his eyes, etc. But, bless your heart, long ago the New York critics used to write columns telling what a good listener Joe Weber was at the old Music Hall, analyzing the upturned, expectant tilt of his head, describing his complete absorption in the conversation, his utter failure to show any appreciation of his own comedy, and so on. As we look back on the old Music Hall, it is Joe Weber's listening, perhaps, that we think of with the keenest pleasure. We knew—all of us—what he was about.

Mr. Hamilton says all any critic can do is to say he didn't like one actor and did like another, and cannot tell the reason why. If that is all Mr. Hamilton can do, he's missed his vocation. (Of course, it isn't.) I didn't like Maude Adams in act one of "The Legend of Leonora," and I can tell you exactly why. She was supposed to be half a dozen kinds of a woman, and she can be only one kind—the Maude Adams kind—which is a very nice kind, to be sure. I didn't like Nazimova as Hedda Gabler, and I can tell you exactly why, only it would take too long. So can Mr. Hamilton. I liked John Barrymore in "Justice," and I can tell you exactly why, again. I could still, after two decades, analyze Mrs. Fiske's performance either as Tess or Becky Sharp, and describe a score of effects she gained by this or that vocal one, by a peculiar emphasis, by a look, a gesture, a cry; though by what inner process of the emotions and imagination she first conceived these effects I cannot tell you and probably she cannot either, any more than Mozart could tell you how the melody of the *"Don Giovanni"* minuet came into his brain. What she might tell you, if you were an actor, is how, when you have found your effect, to school yourself to reproduce it again, night after night, at will. And therein lies the great value of the actor's words on acting, which no mere observer can supply.

CARRIE IS A CHORUS GIRL

By LEWIS ALLEN

SUMMER GARDEN THEATRE,
New York City.

DEAR SIS:

Just got your frantic letter saying that if I brought the great, shining, glorious and bucolic name of "Wiggins" to an ignominious (I guess that's the word you meant to write, but it looked more like "indigestible," to me), shame by going on the stage, you would never mention my name again.

You don't have to mention it, because I've changed it to "Sari St. John." They told me that "Carrie Wiggins" was too euphonious—I looked the word up and it's no insult, otherwise I'd have slapped that guy's face—and that I'd better pick out something else. "Who ever heard of a chorus girl with a natural sounding name?" the director asked me.

When I wrote you that I was so dead tired of yelling "Two on th' beef, meed-e-yum," in a beanery, that I was desperate enough to marry a lame widower, I was telling the truth. Then I saw that "ad" about chorus girls wanted and decided to try.

Of course you hate to believe that your homely sister Carrie, with the upshoot nose and large freckles, ever managed to get a job at $30 per to start in a chorus, and you are wondering about the chorus part because you know that whenever I tried to sing back home the livestock would stampede and run for the woods.

A chorus girl has about as much to do with singing as a butterfly has to do with the week's churning.

I've been on the stage a whole month now and still retain my girlish laughter and all of my freckles. Your letter, sent to the beanery, was a long time being forwarded.

I suppose you want to know all about the "examination" that you mention in your letter. Well, Sis, it fooled me a little. I always believed that a girl had to demonstrate to the boss, when she tried for a chorus girl job, whether she was built like a lead pencil or a sofa cushion. And so I dolled up underneath in my classiest intimate garments and gritted my teeth and decided that as long as other girls had lived through it I guessed I could.

"Examination?" Say, it was a scream. Some examination. He—the man who hired me—examined my hands, my feet, and took a hasty look at my face. Recovering from the latter, he asked me to walk across the room. I heard him mutter to another man beside him, "She's the first girl in two days that didn't trip over her own feet and we can camouflage them freckles," and the other man nodded his head, and they told me to come next day at ten for rehearsals.

Why, Sis, it was the most depressingly correct and highly moral proceeding I ever dreamed of. That time I applied to old Deacon Smithers down to the village in Homeberg for a job in his grocery store as cashier he held my hand and chucked me under the chin and—but you remember that, and how I walloped him in the nose and walked out. Nothing like it here. I was the most surprised girl you ever saw. I thought I'd got to show—but you will recall what I wrote. Nothing to it.

There's a bunch of girls, mostly frights, who are in the back rows and who can sing to beat our church choir. They are hired to sing. Their faces are pretty well plastered up, but they have to keep in the back rows because—well, what good is paint and powder as a fairy-aid to knobby, emaciated and wabbly extremities, I ask you?

When they get the rouge on me and the white and the eyebrow stuff and lip-stick paint and the messy stuff on my eyelashes to make 'em look long, you wouldn't know me, and I've learned a lot about dancing. I knew a whole lot before; I never practiced dancing out in our barn for years for nothing.

I am sending you a programme. See my name on it? I'm one of the Arctic girls in one scene and one of the Grecian goddesses in another, and in the third I'm one of the Apple Blossom girls. Perhaps some day I'll send you my picture in the apple blossom suit. Just now I don't dare to, as I'm afraid you couldn't stand all of this excitement at once and the apple-blossom suit is Hooverized to a fare-ye-well consisting mostly of a couple of pink petals. But you'll like me in the Greek goddess costume. I'm enclosing the picture. I'm the second from the left—your right. I'm getting so stagy now that I talk like a stage diagram, "R. U. E.," and "L-3," which is all a blank to you, I know.

I suppose you think that after being one of those terrible wild chorus girls for a month I ought to have a house on the drive and a limousine and two pounds of diamonds. You've got another think coming. I've only seen two chaps I thought were Willie Boys hanging around the stage door, and it seems they were waiting for their mothers who were in the chorus and had been for twenty-four years.

There's no brain work in this, all you have to remember to do is to keep grinning, keep in step, and pretend to sing. And the dancing and marching exercise is mild and healthful. I used to get more exercise in one hour at the beanery than I get in a week here.

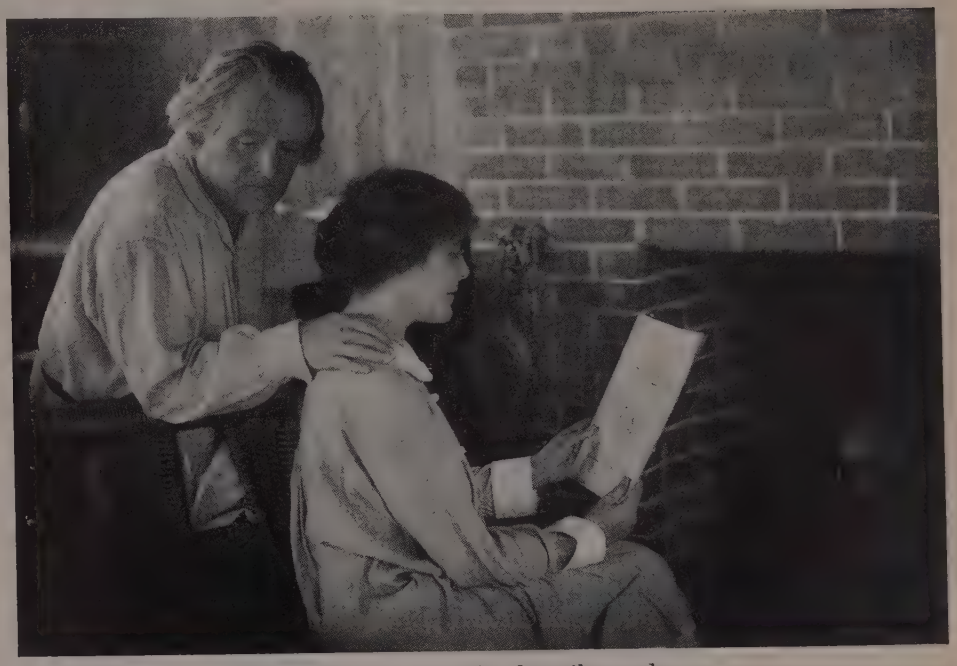
I wish you could come and see some of the clothes we have to wear. No almost-silk, but the real goods, and shoes that would set you back about sixteen bucks. You and Billy may be tucking something away in a sock every year and you may be pillars of the church and all that, but you don't know you're living.

You know me, Sis. I'll fall some day, sure as preaching, but when I do it will be for a gink who hands me a plain gold ring and can stand right up in front of the parson and say "I do" without keeping his fingers crossed.

Your loving sister,
CARRIE.

© Edith Emerson

Mural decoration for the Little Theatre, Philadelphia, by Edith Emerson, representing "The Marriage of Dionysos and Ariadne"



Charles Rann Kennedy, the author, and his actress wife, Edith Wynne Matthison

Nazimova—a bust by the dancer sculptor Paul Swan

DONALD MACONALD

After a successful appearance in "Toot Toot" this season, this popular player is now in the U. S. Marine Corps

Arnold Genthe

RIHANI

An agile, fantastic and engaging dancer seen with the Other Players. Her static dancing is extraordinarily interesting

SEEN IN THE GLARE OF THE SPOTLIGHT

WHAT IS AN IMMORAL PLAY?

Distinctions to be drawn between the piece that conveys a lesson and one that is merely suggestive

By ADA PATTERSON

EVERY season there are hand raisings and eye rollings and elevation of eyebrows at that portion of the collective amusement offerings which the public regards as immoral.

Sometimes the plays come to a speedy end, though in many instances, it must be granted, not because they are immoral, but because they are dull. The public has a tolerant soul. It classifies naughty plays with naughty persons. If they are sufficiently amusing their naughtiness is condoned. But the union of Miss Naughtiness with Mr. Dullness is a mésalliance which Parent Public never forgives. The salacious play is on a plane with its cousin, the wicked story. Wit covers a multitude of evils. Likewise is there resemblance between the play that is deemed vicious and an audacious woman. For their brilliancy both are pardoned.

"It is a bad play, but not in the sense you mean," exclaimed an impatient home-goer who had issued five minutes before from a Broadway playhouse. "A bad play is one that bores you."

An example of public tolerance is found without exception at a musical play. Given pretty faces and shapely legs and smart costumes, a fair book and music accelerance,—it must be accelerando—and audacities of speech and meretriciousness of plot are veiled by the enveloping mantle of charity.

An instance is "The Girl from Rector's," on which good playgoers turned the cold shoulder a brief span of years ago, yet coming back garmented in music as "See You Later," I prophecy that it will have a warm welcome. Always with the provision that the faces are sufficiently pretty, the legs shapely enough and the music accelerando. Always accelerando.

FOUR plays, and a feeble fifth, have pained New York's nice sensibilities in the closing season. Of these, three are brain children of the prolific putters forth, known as the Hattons. Not a vaudeville team, but a brace of Chicago playwrights, married and indefatigable writers. Fanny Hatton is the daughter of a clergyman, Frederick Hatton, an ex-critic. Wherefore their courage to write of things as they see them. Admirers of the fecund pair have compared them with Balzac, the comparison being provoked by their power to expand a small segment of life into an evening's entertainment. Those who hold for them a smaller measure of admiration accuse them of frivolity and of a daring beyond the boundaries of good taste.

But what of the public that is as far mightier than the official critic as the ocean is greater than the raindrop? The public laughed joyously for a season at "Lombardi Ltd.," which included a mannikin who artlessly offered her person to a male dressmaker because she believed such course is customary, and is the price of advancement. Heavily played this scene would have been nauseous. But deftly done and incidental to the good character work of a gifted actor, and a continual shower of witticisms, the most powerful of all censors, public opinion, winked at it. The second Hatton child, the "Squab Farm," was received with less warmth. A candid exposé of the harem-like conditions that are believed to prevail in a particular cinema studio, a comedy with notes of pathos, was shorter lived. Well staged and admirably acted, there was a more or less obvious recoil from it. In part because of the unpleasantness of the theme. In greater part because it was less plentifully begemmed with wit. The third of their trio of comedies, "The Indestructible Wife," tarried briefly on the boards. Mr. and Mrs. Hatton built the play upon a phrase. Mrs. Hatton, because of her abounding energy, has won from her intimates the nickname "Tireless One" and "The Indestructible Wife." Applying the last to an athletic bride who wearies of her lymphatic husband and seeks one of greater vitality, the Hattons labored, but I am convinced, not with their usual assiduity, to develop the theme. They wrote the play as though they were tired and anxious to finish a stunt. Audiences displayed the same spirit.

CAME then Alan Dale bearing in his hands "The Madonna of the Future." Not as the wise men journeyed to the bedside of the Madonna in the manger, led by a star. Or if he was, it was an ill star. For after the critic playwright had taken the hurdle of an opening in New York and his brother analysts had in the mass said little of him worse than that he had written the kind of play he had for a quarter of a century scolded other authors for writing, the police paid the play a visit. Mr. Dale called his play a satire, a way of saying that though you say something you don't mean it. But the men in blue with the portentious shields on their breasts indulged in no subtleties. They said the title was offensive to persons of an old and fine faith. They declared that the text and situations of the "satirical comedy" offended the proprieties. They could find nothing funny, satirical or not, in a young woman's determination to become a mother without marriage. There were summonses, and appearances in the police court, for the author, the producer, and the two chief players, Emily Stevens and Jerome Patrick. The magistrate before whom the culprits stood awaiting judgment said his reading of the play convinced him that "it should have been played in a stable." There was a promise to rewrite the play, eliminating the objectionable portions. But the proposition of the play could not be expunged without an elimination of the play. The attempt to revise it was abandoned and the play withdrawn.

I REFERRED, you remember, to a "feeble fifth" in the group of the season's offenders. Its feebleness was due merely to its distance from Broadway. Butler Davenport's "The Call to Women" was presented at his tiny neighborhood theatre, The Bramhall Playhouse. Only an occasional gasp from a startled spectator echoed to distant Broadway. The Bramhall Playhouse, rechristened by Mrs. Phil Lydig, The House of Truth, plays up to its alternative title. "Never Mince," is its motto. "A Call to Women" is a revelation of the lives of scarlet women in the tent near the encampments in the zone of war. To one of these came the printed plea of an organization of good women, to help them in keeping the lives of their husbands, lovers and sons, clean. The plea wrought a change of mind and soul in one of the tent women.

I followed a man and a woman out of the wee playhouse on the first night of the performance of "A Call to Women."

"It was horrible," said the man, as he helped her into their limousine. "No. Because it had a great purpose," was the answer.

So have we the second reason for pardon for the presentation of ugly facts of life upon the stage. If it serves a great purpose it has an excuse for being. Virginia Harned, whose sob-rent *Iris* was one of the great characterizations of the American stage, said in defense of *Iris* and *Anna Karenina* and the sisterhood of erring, expiating women: "The play is moral that shows the suffering that follows sin." Which places "Camille" high in the category of moral plays.

Out of the chaos of much play-seeing emerges a standard. My measuring rod for a play's dramatic merit is that it contain truth, humanity and a surprise, in generous measure. My standard of the morale of a play is that it does not incline the character of one who views it toward evil. That play which flashes upon the screen of the mind the dangers that beset the ignorant, and the penalties of error, is to my mind a moral play. That which jests at wrongdoing and renders vice attractive is immoral.

RECURS to my memory "The Lure." George Scarborough, a former secret service agent wrote the play out of a vast experience in the methods of the sinister in decoying innocent girls into the paths of shame. I was one of the women who, at a special performance of the play, voted for its continuance. I voted thus because I knew that the reaction of the play on the minds of girls was good. I knew a trim little clerk who had said to me: "Before I saw 'The Lure' I used to think it was fine if men spoke to me on the street. I thought they spoke to me because they admired me. Since I saw 'The Lure' I know what these street acquaintances lead to. I turn my back on the man and hurry away for a policeman." The didactic phase of the drama exemplified!

That is a bad play which reveals filth for filth's sake. That is a bad play that emphasizes the more private phases of life for the mere titivation of the audience. To this class belongs "The Clemenceau Case," an importation that disclosed a nude woman in the bath and "Orange Blossoms" closed after its first presentation because it revealed a bride disrobing.

Stalk through memory's halls ghosts of other plays that served no great purpose, that were but slightly amusing. The reaction upon the mind and characters of those who saw was bad. But we may leave to the public the final censorship. By this generation of playgoers it has been demonstrated that the nasty play as such is unwelcome and soon dies from chill.

As a guide for personal criticism may I offer two questions to ask concerning a play about whose morale we are dubious? Is it necessary? Does it follow the advice which Ellen Terry gave to her niece, Phyllis, "Put something of beauty into everything you do."

COLUMBIA GUARDS
HER FIGHTING MEN

Photos Charlotte Fairchild

STRICKEN BELGIUM

THE SPIRIT OF THE RED CROSS

"MIDNIGHT FROLIC" TABLEAUX—POSED BY BEN ALI HAGGIN

LIGHTING IN YE EARLY PLAYHOUSES

Candles, oil and gas the forerunners of our present most luxurious electric system

By F. CHOUTEAU BROWN

THE lighting appliances available in the early American theatres were, of course, very crude. It was first generally the custom to use candles for the footlights, which made it necessary to occasionally trim the wicks in order to keep the light burning at its highest amount of illumination—and while an attempt may generally have been made to trim the wicks between the scenes, probably it occasioned no comment if the diminution of the lighting made it necessary for the light man to make his round of the footlights during the progress of the action upon the stage.

Manager Thomas Wignell ushering President Washington into his box at the John Street Theatre, 1789

Occasionally candles were carried on the stage and placed upon the furniture, as occasion demanded, and as this most easily came into the action of the piece in connection with night scenes or evening interiors, it therefore quite naturally resulted that the illumination upon the stage was generally *better* in the scenes located in the evening than those supposed to be given during full daylight! In addition, in the more important scenes, candelabra were occasionally suspended from above, and both candelabra and sperm oil lights were used for this purpose, both upon the stage and in the auditorium, although generally the hanging auditorium lights were of the sperm oil variety, on account of the difficulty of getting at them to trim the candle wicks during the performance.

Sconces with candles were used along the walls, or projecting from balconies or boxes, as these could easily be trimmed, when necessity required, by an usher or any individual seated nearby, who felt so disposed!

A LITTLE later the footlights were arranged on a separate wooden strip, or on a long platform, which could be lowered into or below the front edge of the stage, thus reducing the illumination on the scene (and also giving a chance to trim the wicks, when that was necessary). This same crude method of controlling the footlights was continued for a number of years and used with both the sperm and oil lighting, and from this came the origin of the word "float," as applied to the footlights. In some cases the lights were separate wicks, arranged in one long oil reservoir, at which time it was also the custom to hang over the apron of the stage, in front of the curtain line, or project from the side boxes one or two or three clusters of oil lights, to help illumine actors and scene.

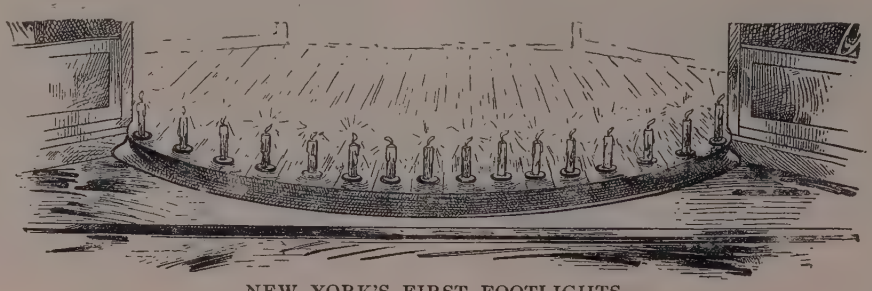
At this period it was also, of course, impossible to have the lines of border lights hanging over the stage, as was later done with gas, and consequently the upper portion of the stage was lighted by groups of lamps hung from above, or placed at the tops of tall ladders set in the wings, a system which was continued through the early years of gas-lighting up to the middle of the 19th century. It is supposed that the first experiments in hanging strips of gaslights overhead (which suggested the present arrangement of the borders) did not become a general custom until about this time, as the overhead use of these strips did not occur until after their use on the stage behind set pieces of profile scenery had become quite common. Gas was also used, as candles had been employed in early times, grouped in reflectors off the stage entrances as "bunch lights" and also in short lengths or "strips," the latter of which could be laid upon the stage back of the scene "rows" (the trough here being of considerable length) and attached at the end by flexible hose to outlets provided in the stage floor or in the wall of the theatre, with cocks to turn the illuminating current on and off.

WHEN theatre lighting began to change to gas—which was sometimes manufactured upon the premises or in the theatre and, while providing more illumination than candles, it was at first nearly as crude in its handling and methods of control. While, according to some records, it would seem that attempts at introducing gas had begun as early as 1820 or thereabouts, it hardly seems to have come into general use until between 1850 and 1860. Previous to this time, however, the old-fashioned candle and sperm oil lamp has been supplanted by better systems of oil illumination, including some rather ingenious adaptations of oil for footlight purposes—which appear, however, to have been the result of individual experiments rather than become general customs.

Not only were various kinds of control of gas-lighting systems tried, which would not only bring up the lights on the stage, but could also partially control the lights in the house, but there were also mechanical methods of lighting the gas once it had been turned on—and it was always easy to partially or wholly shut off the current when it was desired to turn the lights out. It was generally customary, in the auditorium itself during the performance, to turn the gaslights very low—not to turn them out—as the lighting systems were generally so imperfect that, in lighting up again, a considerable amount of gas was allowed to escape before all the jets would take fire, with the result of considerably contaminating the atmosphere, and this was therefore rarely done while the audience was in the theatre, although such changes were occasionally necessary, on the stage, during the progress of the play. Of course, the gas burning continually through the evening made the auditorium very hot and also devitalized the air, as can easily be recalled by many patrons of the Boston Museum, where gas was burned up to within several years of the time it was torn down in 1903.

Gas-lighting was continued in many theatres up to a comparatively recent date; even in houses where electric systems were complete, it was for years the custom after rehearsals to light the stage by a single gaslight on a standard set in the centre near the footlights, or by a "bunch" of two or four gaslights set at about the same position. Of course, illuminating gas was supplanted on the stage by cylinder gas for "bunch," "spot" and "flood" lights, and here again a custom was formed which continued long after the use of electricity—Sir Henry Irving claiming that these side entrance calcium lights were far more effective and soft for lighting from the wings than the electric lights then customarily being employed. In fact, he insisted upon retaining them for use in his productions up to the last one or two tours he made in this country.

CALCIUM or "lime" light, as it is called in England, came into general use for stage illumination just previous to the Civil War, about 1860 or thereabouts. Although it had been in use for several years before that in England, it yet spread very slowly in American theatres and for a number of years was confined to the principal Eastern cities, particularly as it was not the custom at that time for the traveling stars to take any "production" with them, but to depend upon the local scenery "and effects" as well as the local company for minor characters required to support them in their famous parts. Later, when special scenes began to be painted and carried about, the calcium light equipment spread more rapidly, until it came to be in use in all the theatres of this country. It is difficult to realize that it was in the eighties before it was possible to control the lights in the auditorium or on the stage with any degree of certainty or satisfaction. Up to that time the auditorium of the theatre was seldom darkened sufficiently to make the stage-picture very effective. The Bijou Theatre in Boston, was one of the first theatres lighted with electric lights.



NEW YORK'S FIRST FOOTLIGHTS
In this theatre built by Douglass on Cruger's Wharf in 1758, candles were used for illumination purposes

From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg

SUMMER

Posed by the Marion Morgan dancers

THE KING OF BULL-FIGHTERS

By SHERRIL SCHELL

TO arrive at any understanding of the adoration lavished upon a great bull-fighter one must visit some Spanish town when a *corrida* is in progress. Failing that, one must think of the enthusiasm in this country over a John McCormick in the concert world or a "Doug" Fairbanks in the vaster domain of Moviedom. Add to this the remembrance, say, of the frenzied excitement that Richmond Peary Hobson called forth in patriotic breasts during his triumphal tour across the country during the Spanish-American War, and you will have some faint idea of the spell that a dashing matador is able to invoke among the people of his own land.

Fêted, fawned upon, adored, they are the darlings of the people. Their photographs appear in all the shops and are produced not only in the more important magazines and newspapers, but in periodicals devoted exclusively to the national sport. Books are written about their technique in tauromachy, their tastes and fads, and even their conquests over the fair sex. Fond of display, with the means to gratify their weakness (some matadors make as much as seventy-five thousand dollars a year), their appearance in the street on foot or in automobile is greeted with an acclaim that even the popular King Alfonso must envy.

"The greatest man in the world! I except no one!" is an expression that frequently strikes the ear in Spanish cafés. The uninitiated might be deluded into the idea that some king, general or statesman is being discussed, but the subject in a Spanish café is always bull-fighters and bull-fighting. And after several glasses of the golden *montilla* have been passed around: "If there is anyone in this place who says he is not the greatest, well, I'm here ready for him!" "The greatest man in the world!" is sometimes Vasquez, Cellita, Gallo, or often Belmonte: but nearly always he is Joselito, or, to give him his full name José Miguel del Sagrado Corazon de Jesus Gomez y Ortega, or again, as the *aficionados* vary it in their delirium of adulation, "Maravilla," "Emperador," "Magno," or "Papa Rey," the latter a nickname usually conferred on the King himself. In truth, Alfonso may well envy this particular "Papa Rey," as his sway is only a limited one, while Joselito's is absolute. It may be said in passing that the Spanish King, never an ardent lover of the national sport, going to the Plaza de Toros because policy requires it, very poorly conceals his boredom while sitting in the royal box, except on those occasions when Joselito holds the sword. Then he is all attention, frequently cheering the *espada* for some brilliant feat.

JOSELITO

King of bull-fighters and, in the opinion of the Spanish man in the street, the greatest personage in the world

Joselita was born in Triana, that part of Seville that lies on the opposite bank of the Guadalquivir to the Giralda—Trajan's town! But the people of Triana are more exultant over the fact that they have produced a great *torero* for the "bloody arenas" of Spain than in the remembrance that they gave an Emperor to Rome.

Triana was ever a fecund breathing place for those lithe, intrepid youths who dedicate themselves ere the first down has appeared on their lip to the "glorious" art of tauromachy, and Joselito is a living, wondrous proof that the fighting strain pulses as strong and red as in the old days. There have been many picadors and matadors in the Gomez family throughout several generations; indeed, Joselito's father was a noted *espada* of a generation ago, even now occasionally appearing at some benefit, while his elder brother, Gallo, is one of the most skillful of bull-fighters in the Land of Joy.

Brother Rafael, aside from his prowess in the bull ring, is no less famous as the triumphant suitor of that tantalizing gypsy, Pastora Imperio, the Spanish Yvette Guilbert, whose songs of Espana have thrilled so many and whose twinkling heels have danced on such countless hearts. The marriage took on the dignity of a national fiesta, and the presents sent from far and wide to the dancer would have turned the head of an Infanta.

DO YOU KNOW—

That when "Kindling" was written from a news item, the reporter who wrote the item sued for a share in the royalties?

That Kitty Gordon, who is now being featured in "vampire" rôles in the moving pictures, was formerly starred in musical comedies, notably "The Temptress," and before that was a singer in the London music halls?

That in the fourth century actors were excluded from the benefit of Christian sacraments and that Sunday playgoers were liable to excommunication?

That Maude Adams has always insisted that her private life remain private, never granting interviews, never employing a press-agent and always shunning notoriety? Of her intimate circle of friends few are connected with the stage.

That the earliest Italian tragedy was Galeotto's "Sofonisba," written in 1502 and comprising twenty acts?

That Peg Woffington was stricken with paralysis while playing Rosalind in "As You Like It"?

That Edmund Kean's last words on the stage were, "Othello's occupation's gone"?

That May Irwin used to be a member of Daly's Stock Company, along with Ada Rehan, John Drew and Mrs. Gilbert? Before that she and her sister Flo Irwin did an act at Tony Pastor's, in which they sang, danced and played the cornet.

That Paul Armstrong wrote "Alias Jimmy Valentine" in five days?

That E. H. Sothern is now associated with the Y. M. C. A. "somewhere in France," in the production of plays for the entertainment of American soldiers?

That theatrical censorship started in London in 1737 as a result of the audacity of Fielding, who satirized Sir Robert Walpole in a play?

That Lillian Russell was one of four daughters, and that of her three sisters, Mrs. Schultz, Mrs. Ross, and Mrs. Westford, the last-named, as Susanne Leonard, was the only one to ever appear upon the stage?

That Joseph Jefferson once ran a saloon? It was in 1846, when he was in Mexico. He opened a cake and coffee stand for the gamblers at Matamoras, and, up to the bar counter—consisting of a large dry goods box on which two boards were placed—"the blear-eyed gamblers with shaky hands and gloomy looks called for their morning cocktail."

That Frances Alda, Annette Kellermann and Haddon Chambers are Australians?

That theatrical benefits originated in the fact that the early managers underpaid their actors, and sometimes did not pay them at all? All the old-time contracts between manager and player carried the stipulation that the actor was to receive so much a week (sometimes as low as $4) and one or more benefits during the season.

That the name Lothario, usually applied to a man of many amours, was the name of the principal character in Rowe's old play entitled "The Fair Penitent," one of the popular pieces of the eighteenth century?

Photos Press Ill

Hazel Dawn, mother, and sister, Eleanor

© *Press Ill*

Louise and Mrs. Dresser

© *Press Ill*

Claudia Muzio, the opera star, with her mother

With mother and daughter
—Kitty Gordon

© *Press Ill.*

In the sunken tea room at Philipse Manor, N. Y.—Elsie Janis and mater

M Y M O T H E R A N D I

HOW GEORGE COHAN PICKS WINNERS

He says he doesn't, but he's responsible for half a dozen of the season's successes

By HELEN TEN BROECK

THE income tax contributed this year, by George M. Cohan to the willing coffers of Uncle Sam, must be of staggering, not to say appalling, proportions. Fame and its ever-welcome but not always visible perquisite, the merry little dollar, have presented themselves anew at the door of Mr. Cohan's private office, and garlanded him with gold and glory each time he has launched a new piece this season. And that—alas!—has not been the experience of all producing managers in our midst, for the dramatic year of 1917-18, has been far from financially brilliant, and far from artistically satisfying to many of Mr. Cohan's confrères who have watched the author of "Over There" with an embittered eye and witnessed an unbroken series of successes as they were produced one after another until six big hits ranged themselves gaily under the banner of Cohan and Harris.

With "A Tailor-Made Man," and Grant Mitchell appearing throughout the season at the Cohan and Harris theatre, to a business whose capacity is limited only by the size of the treasurer's box, with "The King" in which Leo Ditrichstein duplicated the artistic and financial success of his "Great Lover," with Frank Craven introducing aviation as a popular indoor sport at the Liberty theatre to enormous audiences in "Going Up," and with "The Cohan Revue" sprinkled full of Cohan songs and Cohan laughs turning people away from almost every performance for several months at the New Amsterdam one might well think that George Michael Cohan had exhausted the utmost possible capacity of any manager as a producer of successes in a single season; but no. Just as the dramatic year begins to wane, along comes this incredible young man with Mary Ryan in "The Little Teacher," which bids fair to run all summer at the Playhouse, and Chauncey Olcott, younger and fresher of voice than ever, in "Once Upon A Time," which promptly established itself as one of the season's most profitable offerings. And it must not be forgotten that besides producing this round half-dozen of winning plays, Mr. Cohan has also found time to compose the most popular war song thus far contributed by America to the music of to-day in *"Over There."*

IN these days when our splendid boys are winning crosses and decorations for valor and bravery at the front, Mr. Cohan has quit producing plays long enough to work like a nailer in the interests of the Government, and allow his favorite club, The Friars, to decorate him with the bright badge of honor of their guild, and bestow upon him the formal degree of P. P. W.—Pre-eminent Picker of Winners.

"It seems as if George can't help producing successes; go and ask him how he does it," said the editor.

It was a very willing compliance with this mandate that I Broadway*ed* and Forty-second Street*ed*, and Cohan-and-Harris-Theatre'*d* myself into the blue-eyed presence of America's own and only playwright, songsmith, actor-manager and theatre-owner, G. M. Cohan, P. P. W.

Seated in the throne chair in his own private office in his own public theatre, Mr. Cohan gave me what I can only describe as a cold and scrutinizing once-over when I asked the editorial question. He shifted uneasily in his seat and turned his gaze away to the distant skyline of roofs and theatre-chimneys visible through the open window. His air I grieve to say was that of a man grappling with a great wonder as to why a wise Providence permits feminine interviewers to pester innocent celebrities. Evidently his thoughts were far away. Like a grim Fate, fixing her victim at the point of her scissors, I waved an insistent pencil toward the P. P. W., and repeated the question. "How is it that you side-step all the dead ones and manage to pick nothing but winners?" I demanded. Mr. Cohan brought his gaze back from the distant skyscape with a jump.

DO I?" he asked, as if the idea had never occurred to him before. It was a trying moment. An interviewer hates being questioned at the very outset of a chat. It rather takes the wind out of one's sails and reverses the normal and accepted attitude of the occasion. "Of course you do," I rejoined, tartly. "You always have picked 'em. Wasn't it discreet of you to select everybody's loved and lamented Jerry Cohan for your father? And to choose his gifted wife, Helen Cohan for a mother? And wasn't it abnormally and patriotically clever of you to pick the Fourth of July as a birthday? Wasn't it? And haven't you gone on picking winners ever since?"

Mr. Cohan shook his head as one who modestly disclaims all praise for his performances.

"Maybe," he admitted, falteringly, "Maybe I am entitled to pat myself on the back for picking one best bet in my career. That was when I choose Sam Harris as a business partner and a pal. He's some partner, Sam Harris, and some friend, but aside from that"—an airy wave of the hand pantomime that Mr. Cohan filed a demurrer against the title of P. P. W. with which not only the Friars club, but all New York has invested in.

"Life is just one accident after another," he continued, musingly.

"Do you mean that your selection of a long and unbroken string of winners this season is an accident?"

"May I smoke?" asked Mr Cohan, his fingers closing caressingly around a titian blonde cigar of slender build.

"Please do," I assented.

Again the author of *"Over There"* fixed his merry blue gaze upon the facade of a theatre across the street.

AS a matter of fact," he said, "I don't think a manager is ever entitled to say he has picked a winner, or *can* pick one. He's got his nerve with him, if he makes that claim. It's the public that picks 'em; the audience that says in the last analysis whether a play is a success or not. If a manager gets a lucky decision, he likes to call himself a great fellow, but he knows, in the bottom of his little heart the strange sensation in his knees on the first night, was not caused by the caving in of the floor under him, but by craven fear that he wasn't going to put it over with the new play. It wasn't indigestion as he tried to persuade himself, that gave him that sinking feeling at the heart, but a deadly distrust of his own judgment in selecting the play, and the cast, in choosing the music and scenery and inventing the stage business—why, girl alive, until the public gives him a verdict the manager doesn't know whether he has picked a winner or not. He can't know it; any time; ever."

Pale blue rings of fragrant smoke waited upward, and Mr. Cohan's eyes followed them for a moment of silence. "The quality to which the successful play must speak," he resumed, "is an intangible, impalpable, vague something in the mass-mind to which certain fundamental ideas, certain situations, certain sentiments always appeal. An audience is a being with a thousand minds, but there are some good old master-emotions that stir people all the time. The dramatist who captures their elusive, appealing quality and gets it into a play, holds the key to success. He may not be able to define this baffling, radiant thing that sweeps his audience into a new mood; some dramatists name it 'punch'; some of them call it 'pep'; high-brow critics allude to it vaguely as 'vision';—but whatever it is, if it's in a play—that play's a winner. If it isn't there,—bla-a-a."

"Shakespeare."—I began—

With a wave of his cigar Mr. Cohan signalled for silence.

"Shakespeare," he cried with enthusiasm. "Shakespeare has the tang of it in every one of his plays."

BUT Shakespeare spells 'failure,' according to a dramatic axion," I hazarded. "That's because actors are so afraid of being called modern that they daren't sweep aside tradition, and play Shakespeare like Broadway or the High Street of Stratford-on-Avon in 1918. Shakespeare wrote for all time; didn't he? Then what's the use of playing him as if he wrote only for the Elizabethan intelligence? I'm willing to bet you that if some regular guy with what Shakespeare critics call 'vision' were to do 'Hamlet,' for example with a loud pedal on the comedy effect it would be a walkover. I think 'Hamlet' played according to tradition is the funniest play ever."

"Perhaps, you might be induced to play the Melancholy Dane from a modern slant yourself?" I suggested.

Mr. Cohan looked pained.

"I don't expect to meddle with Shakespeare," he said, "any more than I expect to write the Great American Play."

"Do you think the present war will bring forth that dramatic masterpiece?" I asked.

"Possibly, but not in my day or yours. This world struggle must have a distant, a clarifying perspective before it can be summed up and reduced to the diminished terms of the stage. It's too big and too reeking with titanic drama, to be crowded onto a stage. No doubt hundreds of plays will be based upon the present war before some writer stands on a mountain peak of understanding and, looking back over the agony and crash and ruin, fuses them into a play.

Mark (Morgan Farley)—Where is he?

Fiula (Margaret Mower)—In a green world. And all the drowned in the sea are rising to meet him bringing garlands and singing songs.

ALICE BROWN'S POETIC WAR PLAY "THE HERO," A SUCCESSFUL FEATURE OF STUART WALKER'S REPERTOIRE IN INDIANAPOLIS

Western Photo

Genevieve Hamper as Cordelia

Robert Mantell as Lear

SHAKESPEARE'S "KING LEAR" GIVEN AT THE GREEK THEATRE, BERKELEY, CAL.

A PREMIERE AND A REVIVAL—TWO INTERESTING PRODUCTIONS

TYPES

MISS GERALDINE FARRAR—COSMOPOLITAN

By ANNE ARCHBALD

WHEN we started out to "type" Miss Farrar it seemed a comparatively simple matter. "American Girl, par excellence" we gaily threw off. But no.... not so fast. That doesn't cover it. Miss Farrar has too much vivacity, too much Latin expressiveness of eyes, of mobile smile, of hands, to be representative of the typical American girl. "American Beauty" then? Oh—yes—true, but commonplace, much too commonplace. "Irish Beauty?" Because of her black-haired, blue-eyed, red-rose-cheeked Irish coloring? Yes, part of the picture, but still pallid, inadequate. And then the *mot juste*—the only one comprehensive enough—came to us. *Cosmopolitan!* Which suggests, as nearly as any *one* mere word can, the brilliant, the complex, the many-faceted personality that is Miss Geraldine Farrar.

Photos White

"Each of my evening gowns has its own wrap to go with it," says Miss Farrar. "This—which shelters a gown of white, embroidered with silver threads—has designs in old gold and silver on a white watered panne velvet background. A mass of poppies in burnt orange, in midnight blue, and yellow touched with soft brown, trail down the side, the lining of the wrap being of chiffon in a similar brown shade

The short-sleeved, Florentine-necked day frock that Paris sponsors this season meets with Miss Farrar's approval. Here the simple but piquant cut and the material, a strikingly patterned blue and white foulard, start the costume, whose ultimate finesse is achieved by a cream charmeuse sash and brilliant red velvet poppy a beaded bag in red and white stripes to go with poppy and sash and a blue chip tricorne tipped with blue ostrich

One of the many aspects of Miss Farrar's cosmopolitanism, it need hardly be mentioned, is her Parisian chic which appears particularly appealing in this picture. The frock is of burnt orange color pailleted, its attendant wrap of chaudron-colored satin that tones in with the frock and is embroidered in silver. The black lace hat has for panaches burnt orange paradise the stones in the ear-rings are on the same tone and, as Miss Farrar said, "even the 'peke' is tawny"

Photo Townsend Savoy

Photos White

The white and silver frock of the opposite page, seen without its wrap! The wide band around the top of the bodice is of cloth of silver and at the waist line there is a buckle empiècement worked in pearls and brilliants. Note the charming mode of Miss Farrar's wearing of pearl-strung bracelets also the superstitionless addition of her peacock feather fan in whose fronds nestles a small mirror

To every true artist in dress her own favorite and individual assembling of colors! Isn't this a delectable and mouth-watering combination? On an all-over lace afternoon frock—the bodice cut very low in back, as is "being done" by the best afternoon frocks this year—a wide, wide sash of Scotch plaid in orange, green, purple and black, and a hat to wear with it of cream straw trimmed with ostrich tips in the same four tones

A BEACH PARTY FOR TWO

By ANGELINA

EDWIN telephoned me from Long Island last week and suggested that we have a beach party on Sunday. "Just the two of us!" And I was nothing loth.

So Sunday morning bright and early he turned up in his yellow roadster and shortly after we had joined the long *queue* that winds its way across Long Island on that day. The weather was just right, "cool and yet warm," as O. Henry might have said, and Edwin looked so smart in his khaki, and the yellow roadster looked so smart, and I looked so smart too, in a new brown Wooltex motor coat that had been given me as a present—never mind why—and with a brown hat and yellow chiffon veil. All our browns and yellows and khakis blended into each other so well that we must have appeared most effective and posterish. I know I caught several admiring glances out of the tail of my eye. The brown charmeuse lining of my coat has a novel trick, a yellow strip twelve inches wide running around at about knee depth. And taking a tip from a well-known stocking advertisement I amused myself and gave a final touch to our brown and yellow picture by pretending to let the wind flap my coat open so that the strip might show.

* * *

WE were very merry. Edwin was so appreciative of everything, especially of me in my new coat. I told him the secret of how I came to have it—How? I said it was a secret—and of how Miss Hazel Dawn has one too, I mean a Wooltex, in Evora cloth of a soft wood brown—"I know how important all these little details are in your young life," I interpolated teasingly—with an aviation collar to snuggle up close all around the neck, and of how....

"Your's should have had the aviation collar out of respect for me," Edwin cut in.

"Yes, I suppose it should," I answered. "But it hasn't. It has a rabbit's ear collar instead. Anyway you interrupted. I was going to tell you that I knew as well that Miss Alice Joyce was wearing a Wooltex in green, and that Madame Lina Cavaleri had one too, and that if that doesn't prove the superior brand of coat it is then there's no proving."

* * *

AFTER we had reached the beach and parked the car we wandered onto the boardwalk and hung over the rail watching the crowd on the sands. It was still sufficiently early in the morning so that we had the benefit of seeing the smartest people going in for their dip.

Is there anything more glorious than a summer beach? Its life, its gayety, its color? And such colors as fashion has added to Nature's this season! Not only were the bathing suits brighter, more dashing, but there were the further complications of the bathing capes—such as I mentioned last month—of parasol and beach bag sets, of stockings and shoes.

And as for the bathing *caps*—now more like small hats—they are a whole new department in themselves. If any woman who has even half a face, a few pennies, and a little taste doesn't look attractive on the summer sands it's her own fault. I'll even omit the necessity for her having taste of her own, for the shops have taken care of that for her. You can hardly go wrong in any cap you choose: it would be simply a question of whether you expected to laze about on the shore a good deal and wanted a brim for the sun, or whether you were a person accustomed to go quickly from the bathhouse and to spend most of your time in the water.

You realize I'm jumping ahead of my story—about the shops? At the time of hanging over the rail with Edwin I couldn't know all that, of course. But I made mental notes furiously of the caps I liked best and the minute Monday morning came I rushed off to verify where they could be found. And if you will look at the heading of the next page you may know too.

For beach wear, though it's made to go in the water too, there was the most fascinating little hat—it's the first in the sketch—of rubberized black satin, with a shirred tam crown and shirred brim. I saw several of those and it was my pet, I think. Now I possess one of my own and I shall be tempted to pop it on for motoring, especially if it threatens rain. They do make these rubberized satins so beautifully that you can hardly tell them from the real thing. Next in my favor came a sassy and amusing cap in soft rose rubberized silk, its three floppy peaks piped in old blue. (See the middle one in the sketch.) And, after that, a tight-fitting cap called a "super-diver," for the swimming-only fiends, its white rubber stamped with a blue border, appealed to me as combining adornment and practicality. There were the old bandana handkerchiefs in new forms of plaids and stripes and plain squares in all colors: there were.....

* * *

EDWIN brought me to by entreating that we get started, so we went back to the car and fetched the provender and the rug and made off up the beach far away from the crowd, a subsidized small boy trailing our heels with a beach umbrella.

"Onyx" Hosiery

Simple Frocks and Attractive Hose answer the call of war time gowning.

Plain little dresses are made delightfully effective by that touch of Smartness which pretty hose alone can give.

"Onyx" hosiery is the war time hosiery. Its piquante new patterns are designed with a clear purpose—to glorify the simple frock and make the wearer Irresistible—!!

Your favorite shop has all the new "Onyx" Styles, Colors and Shades that are right now so greatly in demand. However, if you need our aid, write to us to-day.

Emery & Beers Company, Inc. NEW YORK

Sole owners of "Onyx" and wholesale distributors

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Colonial Art Model

THE SONORA period models are gems for lovers of beautiful furniture.

Each has a magnificent tone of marvelous purity, sweetness, and brilliancy of expression. This is confirmed by all Sonora owners and was most strongly emphasized at the Panama Pacific Exposition when the only jury which judged all phonographs, gave Sonora highest score for tone quality. It is unquestionably "The Highest Class Talking Machine in the World."

Send for information and artistic printed matter regarding these Period Models.

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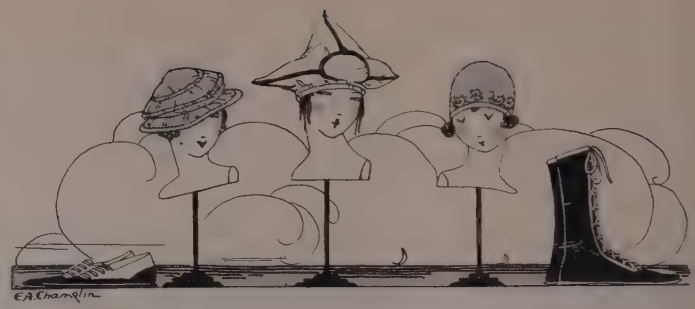


Reading from left to right: the new black and white satine bathing ties: a black rubberized satin bathing hat: one in rubberized rose silk, piped with old blue: a "super-diver" in white rubber, stamped with blue: and a pair of surf cloth bathing shoes. From McCreery

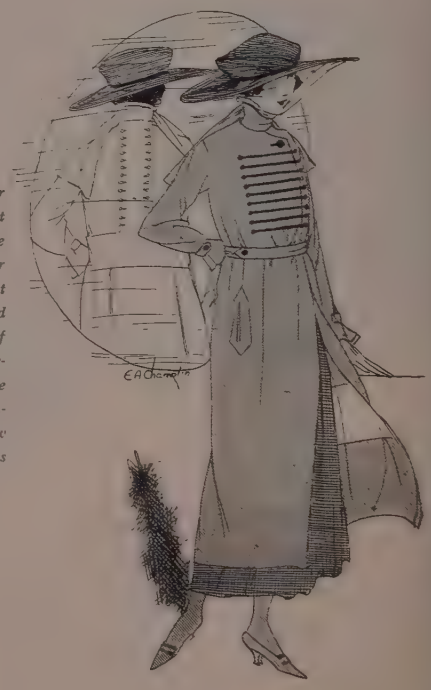
EDWIN is a treasure on such occasions! He thinks of everything. I furnished the sandwiches and a thermos of coffee, but he had thoughtfully added a thermos of claret lemonade from the club, and he had bought all my favorite papers and plenty of Milo cigarettes, *our* favorite. Edwin and I will never have any "Lord-and-Lady-Algy" differences in the family over that. We are perfectly agreed..... Edwin likes Milos best, and so do I. And one "reason why" is because of the scented cigarettes that are made in the Milo brand for women. Edwin always brings along a box of those with the others, in case I may happen to be *partly* swearing off cigarettes that week and don't want a real man's size smoke, or in case we're with some conservative people who haven't yet reached the broad-minded stage of being able to see with equanimity a woman sit up and smoke a cigarette in public.

* * *

IT makes a difference, we've found, if it is explained that the cigarette they see is simply a scented feminine one, that they musn't shudder away in horror, for the lion isn't a real lion, so-to-speak. "Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am no lion fell," quotes Edwin.

It's curious how many of these conservations still remain in spite of the fact that there are only two or three places in New York City where you aren't permitted to smoke. I said to Edwin, after we were comfortably settled under our umbrella and were having a companionable puff together, that the Milo scented cigarettes would be a very good starting point for anyone who was "thinking of taking up smoking seriously," as Hermione might say. "Yes," assented Edwin, "they might never need to get past the starting point. But it's awfully jolly for a chap to have a girl join him in a pally cigarette. If only for selfish reasons I can't understand these men who object to sharing that pleasure."

Edwin really is a dear!



This is the Wooltex motor coat of brown broadcloth that Angelina boasted about. The name Wooltex doesn't refer to the fabric, as you might suppose, but means style and finish. It is a guarantee of perfection of tailoring, of delightful details such as the rabbit's ear collar the adornment of the back, the yellow strip running across its brown silk lining

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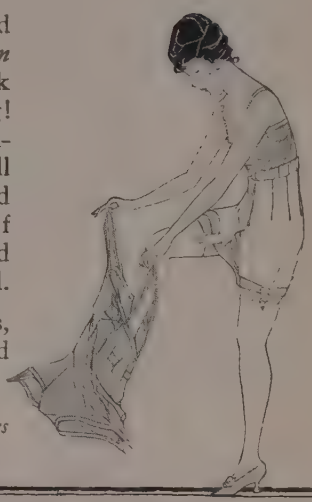

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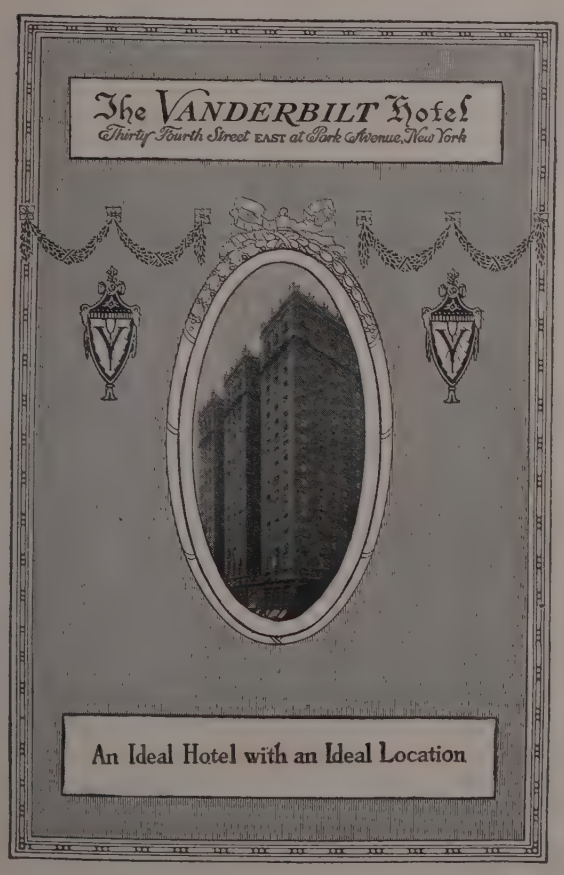

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The VANITY BOX

HAIR is our subject this month. And we immediately thought of Miss Mary Nash as the person to talk to us about it. She should speak with authority, we said, because she is the possessor of a wonderful head of thick, dark hair, hair that is a veritable gift of the gods, but that like other gifts has had to be tended and indulged and made the most of.

On the stage Miss Nash's hair looks the blackest thing in the world, a raven's wing..... jet..... the dead of night. Off, there are dark reddish brown lights through it, one notes, the red black that belongs to the Irish hair, as against the blue black of the Latin. And if you have ever seen Miss Nash in "The New York Idea," or the more recent "Man Who Came Back," you will not soon forget the glorious contrast its masses make against the pallor of her skin and the red of her mouth.

YOUR hair is one of the most important—if not *the* most important—"properties" of your appearance, Miss Nash will tell you.

"I can change my appearance on the stage by its arrangement" she said "more than by anything else, and in assuming a rôle it is always my hair problem that I tackle first. It stands to reason, therefore, that it must have the same importance off the stage.

"The hair should be a frame for the face, and to the end of making it the most beautiful frame possible, exquisite cleanliness is its first requisite.

"When I am playing, I wash my hair once a week, there is so much dust and lint flying around back of the scenes, and any woman who is much in a dusty atmosphere should do the same. It is a mistake to imagine that these washings dry the natural oil in the scalp and make the hair fall out. On the contrary how can the hairs grow through if the pores of the scalp are all clogged up. Of course if one is in fairly clean surroundings the washings are not necessary so often.

(*Concluded on page 50*)

BEAUTY

THE WATCH-WORD

Who goes there?
A woman.

What do you want?
To be happy, to be liked, to be attractive.

What is the watch-word?
"Beauty."

The woman without it is stopped by every sentinel. The woman who exhibits it is welcome everywhere.

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VICTOR RECORDS

Light, airy, gay, are the vacation-time dance numbers newly recorded to furnish the requisite for dancing wherever you go. "The Rainbow Girl" and "Oh Lady! Lady!" are two medley foxtrots played by the Victor Military Band on one Victor Record. "The Rainbow Girl" has been having a big success at the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York, and some of its most attractive numbers make up this medley fox-trot, which include: *"I'll Think Of You"; "My Rainbow Girl"; "Alimony Blues";* and *"Mister Drummer."*

The gems from the musical-comedy "Oh Lady! Lady!" are culled for the fox-trot of that name. They are *"You Found Me and I Found You"; "When All the Little Ships Come Sailing Home";* and *"Not Yet."*

On another Victor Record, Pietro, that wonderful accordionist, presents a fox-trot and a one-step. These two medley dance numbers include some of the most popular songs of the day. In the "War Ballad Medley" there are *"Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight";* and *"Joan of Arc."*

A tender tribute is paid to the women who are to-day crooning their little ones to sleep while their thoughts are with the men who have left them that they may defend them. It is expressed in a touching little song by Geraldine Farrar on a new Victrola Record. *"The War Baby's Lullaby."* *Adv.*

COLUMBIA RECORDS

An event of no inconsiderable importance to phonograph owners is the announcement by Columbia of the first Columbia Record from the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra. This historic organization now plays exclusively for Columbia, and offers in the July group of records the glorious Ballet Music from "Faust." Lovers of music will hail this superb record with joy, and watch eagerly for others from the same source.

Musical critics are paying tribute with increasing frequency, these days, to the radiantly lovely voice which the beautiful Amparito Farrar has brought with her into fame. The brilliant young soprano makes her Columbia début in a record that includes *"Sweet and Low"* and *"Mighty Lak' a Rose."*

Recently the New York Philharmonic Orchestra made a tour of the National Army Cantonments, giving concerts to the soldiers. This tour lends especial interest to the newest Columbia Record of the Philharmonic, Victor Herbert's *"American Fantasie"* and on the reverse the *"Estudiantina"* waltz.

Among the other splendid records in this July group from Columbia are Stracciari singing Massenet's *"Elegie,"* with violin obbligato by Lascha Jacobsen; Josef Hofmann playing Chopin's *"Valse Brilliante."* *Adv.*

BOOKS RECEIVED

INTERPRETERS AND INTERPRETATIONS. By Carl Van Vechten. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

THE INSURGENT THEATRE. By Thomas H. Dickinson. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

SACRIFICE AND OTHER PLAYS. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company.

MORE SHORT PLAYS. By Mary Macmillan. Cincinnati: Stewart and Midd Company.

FIFTY-ONE TALES. By Lord Dunsany. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

THE SORCERESS. By Victorien Sardou. Translation by Charles A. Weissert. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

AMATEUR AND EDUCATIONAL DRAMATICS. By Evelyne Hilliard, Theodora McCormick, Kate Oglebay. Illustrated. New York: Macmillan Company.

PROBLEMS OF THE PLAYWRIGHT. By Clayton Hamilton. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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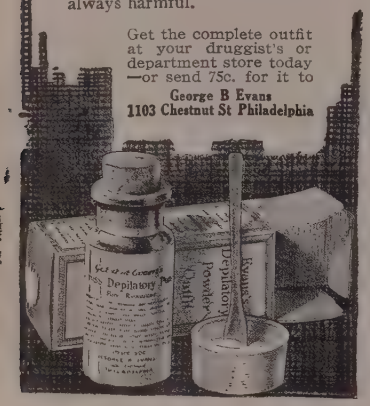

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why do they say— "Nobody ever changes from Rameses"

The Aristocrat of Cigarettes

(Continued from page 48)

"IF I find my scalp becoming dandruffy or dry I rub in a little good hair cream, or a bit of hot oil. And another bit of hygiene that I consider important is that of keeping my hair cut off to about waist length, though if I let it grow it would come down to my knees. I believe that it grows better when it is shorter, has more vitality, and can be put up more gracefully."

It is another of Miss Nash's beliefs that black hair should be sleek and smooth and polished, "like jet," as she expressed it, "and not like velvet." Fluffiness in hair is for blondes only. A deep wide marcel is allowable, but frizzy dark hair is not attractive.

MISS NASH in everyday life wears her hair parted in the middle, waved in this deep marcel and then drawn into a large compact knot at the back of her head. And it is comforting to have her tell us that she does not think that the hot iron in the hands of a professional is injurious to the hair. (One should choose a good and conscientious hairdresser and go to that same one each time that he or she may take pride in keeping the hair in fine condition.) But she is not very much for the amateur waving of it oneself at home.

And every so often, too, one should snatch a few days off to give the hair a rest, and during the summer as long as possible.

It was in one of those "days off" that I happened to see Miss Nash. So her hair was unwaved, parted slightly on the side, instead of the middle, and drawn sleekly back under a net. And she made a remark about her manner of adjusting it that was particularly interesting to me. It was to the effect that it was a great mistake to pin the front of one's net down, that that made a hard line across the head.

And that was interesting because that very morning I had been visiting the establishment of the Bonnie-B hair net people, the oldest human hair net firm in New York, who handle nothing but "imports," and I had been given a demonstration of the Bonnie-B hair net which fitted in exactly with what Miss Nash said. The Bonnie-B, in the first place, is *not* a cap net. The cap net is now *vieux jeux*. In the second place, it has no cord across the front, only on the sides. The part that goes over the head in front ends simply in loops of the mesh which melt in with the hair and must not be fastened down. This gives a perfectly natural look to the hair and makes the Bonnie-B the most invisible hair net that one can wear.

WE recommend to you the new Russian Shampoo powder that has just been put out by the importers of Djer-Kiss. The formula for it was brought from Russia—one asks for Smirnoff's Russian Shampoo Powder—is now manufactured in America, and is one of the most delightful, fragrant and easily used aids for keeping that hair frame of yours up to its requisite standard of exquisite cleanliness and beauty.

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For Falling Hair

A TONIC made in France of prepared petroleum oil, considered by medical authorities the ideal food for thin, lifeless hair.

Petrole Hahn delicately perfumes the hair, and without making it oily renders it lustrous, brilliant and wavy.

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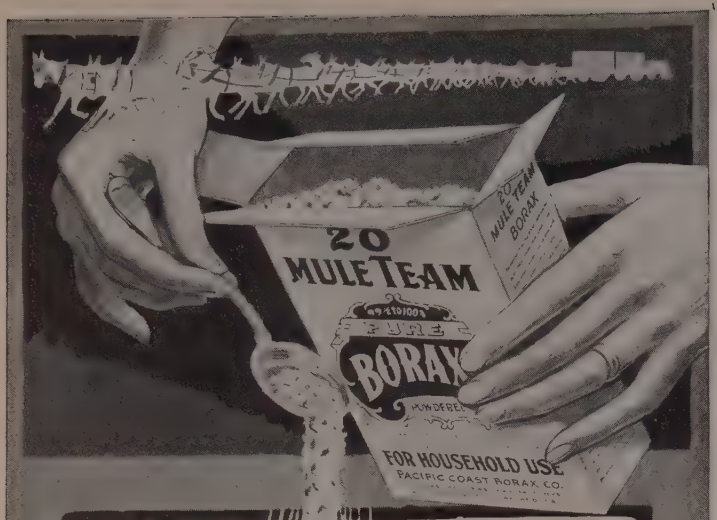

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MULE TEAM BORAX

is more than a water softener. It is an antiseptic, it keeps the pores free and clean, is an excellent deodorant, refreshes the skin and keeps the complexion clear.

Always use this Borax in baby's bath—it is very soothing to tender skin.

You will find many uses for 20 Mule Team Borax in the kitchen and laundry. Be sure to see the picture of the famous 20 Mules on every package.

All Dealers sell

20 MULE TEAM BORAX

For the Bath

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 24)

The Metropolitan Opera House has done its bit since the season closed in helping the war charities. Geraldine Farrar's benefit last month was a great success, and the Italy-America concert, at which Caruso was one of the stars, netted a splendid sum.

And now Frances Alda, not to be outdone by Miss Farrar, gave a festival on June tenth, with the superlative hit of press-work—"the five greatest tenors in the world." The purpose was to raise money to buy music and musical instruments for the Navy, and Caruso and Martinelli for Italy, McCormack for Ireland, Muratore for France, Lazaro for Spain, and Althouse for America, helped the cause.

Besides these, Elman and Harold Bauer played, Ethel Barrymore recited the *"Battle Hymn of the Republic"*—which seems the only rival of the *"Marseillaise"* in inspiring enthusiasm, when done by Miss Barrymore, Julia Marlowe, or Julia Arthur—and Sousa conducted.

Sousa has been more than generous in appearing in as many places as he can, and his new *"Riveters"* march, dedicated to the shipbuilders, and incorporating some remarkable orchestral effects, is one of the most original and distinctive compositions to come out of the war.

The Government, in recognition of his untiring work, has offered him twelve weeks' leave of absence, but like the ticket-man who had been at the theatre day in and day out for years, and who, at last given a holiday, hung disconsolately around the lobby all evening, Lieutenant Sousa will use the time in taking his band on a tour of the United States.

SOME NEW BOOKS

"Representative American Plays." Edited by Arthur Hobson Quinn. 968 pp. New York: The Century Co.

This interesting collection of plays illustrating the development of our native drama from its beginning to the present day is invaluable to the dramatic student. No theatrical library can be considered complete without it. All the plays in the collection are the work of significant American playwrights, and all have had actual stage presentation by a professional company. Of the twenty-five plays chosen, the scenes of sixteen are laid in this country, while so far as possible all the principal types characteristic of our drama are represented. A brief introduction to each play explains its significance and gives a biographical sketch of the author, with a selected bibliography. The stage directions are represented in the earlier days as originally given.

Opening with "The Prince of Parthia," by Thomas Godfrey, the first American play, the collection includes examples of the work of such early playwrights as William Dunlap, John Howard Payne, Nathaniel Parker Willis, George Henry Boker, and Julia Ward Howe. "Rip Van Winkle," as played by Joseph Jefferson, is included, as is also another old favorite, "Shenandoah," by Bronson Howard. Of living writers and the younger generation the following names appear: Clyde Fitch, Langdon Mitchell, Percy MacKaye, Augustus Thomas, William Vaughn Moody, Edward Sheldon, and Rachel Crothers.

"Men in War." By Andreas Latzko. New York: Boni and Liveright.

Hundreds of books have been written about the war, but only two stand out as masterpieces. One is "Under Fire," by the French soldier Barbusse, the other is "Men in War," by the Austrian officer, Andreas Latzko.

The latter surpasses its predecessor in the terrifying realism of its pictures of human agony. If it is intended as anti-militarist propaganda it certainly accomplishes its purpose, for it even goes one better than Sherman, showing that war is worse than hell. The book's one weakness is that it fails to discriminate between the criminal war of aggression, such as that now being ruthlessly waged by the Central Powers, and the holy war of self-defense, which the Allies are fighting. The author, blinded by his furious hatred of all war, sees no distinction between the burglar and the policeman. The man who defends his home and family is, to his thinking, as much an enemy of mankind as the housebreaker. Such reasoning as this may infuse joy into the shrivelled hearts of pacifists, slackers and other moral degenerates, but it does not appeal with any force to the sane and normal mind. Apart, however, from the fallacy of its premises, the book should be read as a remarkable piece of literature, that only a world convulsion could produce.

"Keeplng Our Fighters Fit—For War and After," by Edward Frank Allen, written in co-operation with Raymond B. Fosdick, Chairman of the War Department and Navy Department Commissions on Training Camp Activities; with a special statement written for the book by President Wilson. New York: The Century Co.

This book deals with the soldier and sailor in training camp and community. It tells what the Government is doing, and doing for the first time in its history, to add to the comfort, happiness, safety, and efficiency of the million or so men called to the colors. It is a book of information and reassurance that should be welcomed by relatives and friends of the men in the camps. Knowing what the Government is doing, moreover, will enable friends and relatives to co-operate more intelligently with it for the benefit of the American men preparing to fight.

MOTION PICTURE SECTION

Edited by MIRILO

LILA LEE

Formerly known as "Cuddles," a well-known favorite in vaudeville, has been discovered by Jesse Lasky, and will be featured by him in much the same manner as are all Famous Players-Lasky stars

DO THEY REALLY EARN IT?

BEING nothing at all of a statistician and rather shaky on mathematics in general, it is my own misfortune that I cannot accurately compute a table of figures that would answer the above question, rather than attempt to answer it by a mere sheaf of typed pages. The question, by the way, regards the so-called "fabulous" salaries of the stars of filmdom.

* * *

But there are certain other values than numerical with which I am far better acquainted. Take curls, for instance. They are often worth painful metal or leather appliances which incur sleepless nights, to say nothing of an occasional twenty-five dollars for a "permanent" wave. And Mary Pickford's are worth a million.

* * *

I know because somebody told me so. They said that without her curls she would be a mere doll child. And quite ordinary. But they failed to mention that there are hundreds of girls with curls far more beautiful than "our Mary's,"—and faces, too—whose names, even if stacked in electrics a half mile high, wouldn't draw a dozen people.

* * *

What is it then that brings them flocking to the theatres all over the country to see any one of the great stars the week they appear in a new picture—and for many weeks thereafter? In "Stella Maris" it was the Mary of the tight-drawn hair and puckered mouth who won the plaudits—not the Mary of the bewitching curls and fluffy ruffles. This proved that she does not need the attractive settings and clothes usually furnished her—which she wears, by the way, mostly to please Mr. and Mrs. Public, who seem to prefer her in that sort. Another example was found in "Poor Little Peppina," in which she played a ragged waif in tattered overalls. The scene showing her farewell to her sweetheart with her arms full of pitiful bundles which persisted in dropping in the midst of her adieux, made the spectators smile through a suspicious mist of tears.

* * *

It seems, then, that the Something which makes a star worth so much, is not mere beauty, nor is it personality. It is a combination of both *with* a solid backing of real brains and certain pleasing little mannerisms. But the type of personality which means stardom on the screen may have no relation to stardom of the stage.

* * *

I suppose my judgment of earning power must be based on the amount of legal tender any motion picture star is able to coax into the coffers of the box-office. Judged in this light, the stars really *do* earn their salaries. For example, Julian Eltinge, who has appeared as a star in three Paramount pictures, recently appeared as a vaudeville headliner at the Palace Theatre in New York, where his weekly stipend was a mere matter of $2,500. It so happened that the week he appeared in person at the Palace, his Paramount picture, "The Countess Charming," was showing at the Rialto picture theatre. The management of the Rialto paid the Famous Players-Lasky Company about $3,500 for the right to show this picture first in New York, and that it was worth the money is proved by the gross receipts for the Rialto that week, which were in excess of $18,000. And here's another angle. That same week at the Eltinge Theatre, the playhouse named after our present hero, the gross receipts were something like $10,000.

* * *

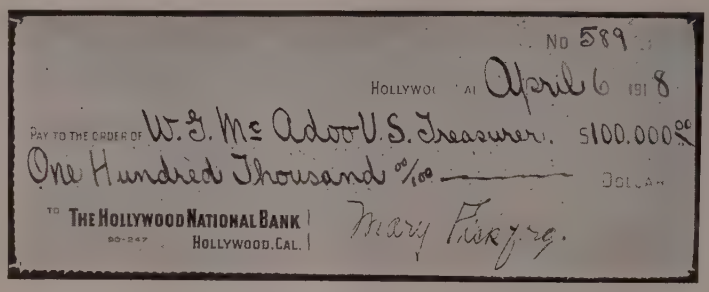
There we have it. A stage-play at Eltinge's theatre took in $10,000. Eltinge himself took in $2,500, but his picture played to $18,000 in one theatre alone. And that same week the same picture appeared in hundreds of other cities large and small, drawing in the dimes and quarters and half dollars to the tune of a tidy amount. And so it goes on, even now playing to big money business. That's one reason why the star earns what he gets. It's all figured out in terms of the dollar sign.

* * *

Judged by these figures and taking for granted a little prowess in arithmetical deduction, the law of percentages and the intricacies of box-office statements, we arrive at the conclusion that Mary Pickford as a vaudeville star would be worth $500 a week, week in and week out. As a picture star you can multiply that figure by 15 or 20 and still stick to the truth.

* * *

Take Elsie Ferguson for another example. Miss Ferguson was a well established stage star ever since the time the electric lights spelling her name went up in front of the theatre where "Such a Little Queen" was playing. Miss Ferguson had several successful plays, notably "Outcast," but her earning capacity as a stage star was less by many hundreds of dollars a week than as a screen star. For on the screen, the intelligence and beauty and the high art of Miss Ferguson became magnified a hundred-fold and her public is growing larger every day.


No 589
Hollywood, Cal. April 6 1918
Pay to the order of W. G. McAdoo U.S. Treasurer. $100.000.00
One Hundred Thousand 00/100 Dollars
To The Hollywood National Bank
Hollywood, Cal.
Mary Pickford

Mary Pickford's income from Liberty Bonds paid for by this check will be $4,250.00 per year. Not so bad—what!

* * *

Anyone with the least aptitude for figures will see what I am trying to demonstrate about whether "they earn it." I think I see it myself. F'rinstance: Fairbanks' popularity, they say, rests on his exceptional prowess as an athlete. But in circuses there are many better athletes than him—he, no him, who receive from 'The Greatest Show on Earth" possibly sixty or seventy dollars a week—while Mr. Fairbanks' income is somewhat over a hundred times as much. He pleases the public, that's all—and the public pays—it pays in Omaha, in Oregon, in Maine and in Florida—to see him; and all at the same time, while, if he were appearing in person, naturally, he could not easily appear at more than one theatre at a time—even with all his athletic prowess.

I heard the other day that Bill Hart—he of the Great Poker face—who has probably played more of the American National Game on the screen than any layman has played off it—does not know a full house from an empty one. Yet people flock to watch him, and he draws perhaps eight thousand dollars a week for just looking as if he knew the game, while men who travel back and forth on ocean liners making their living by poker, draw only to four flushes and straights.

* * *

There are those who rail and rant against the so-called star system. They always have and they always will, but it is my firm belief that the star system can never be transplanted. Not so long as there are heroes and heroines in the fiction and facts of life. There is no story worth the telling that doesn't revolve around a person of a central character. Life is like that in its dramatic moments. The herd instinct is only a part of the unromance of life. When we come to the dramatic moments of life, the moments about which stories and books and poems and picture plays are written, you can no more leave out the hero and heroine than you can leave out the big personality of them that your fancy pictures.

* * *

Granted, then, that we must have stars, the only question as to their earning capacity is a matter the public must decide. For there are stars and stars. There are those like Mary Pickford, Elsie Ferguson and Marguerite Clark, whose intelligence, personality, ability and God-given element of genius would shine as bright if their names were Mary Jones or Lucy Smith or Lovely Pretty. And then, again, there are those who are geniuses in only one thing—an ability to adapt and to imitate, stars whose sheen is only the reflected light of some brighter planet.

* * *

There are multimillionaires aplenty in this land being made safe for democracy. And the good some of them do is quite measurable. There are stars whose power to amuse, entertain, thrill and inspire nets them much money. And the good they do is immeasurable. If they can continue to bring this happiness and inspiration and high quality of entertainment into the drab lives of most of us, they are worth every cent they get.

Myrtle Stedman, recently seen in the prima-donna rôle in "Follow the Girl." Miss Stedman is a popular Paramount star

Jackie Saunders, a West Coast favorite, dressed for a saunter down Fifth Avenue. The coat, designed by Harry Collins is of blue gabardine

Madaline Traverse, whose picturization of Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks" is best remembered, is forming her own company

CASTLES IN SPAIN

YOU have lost the knack of building them—you know it! Right? No, *wrong.*

Build your Castles in Spain.

They will come to you again as you watch picture-plays—the magnificent productions of Paramount and Artcraft, rich with stars, superbly directed, wonderfully staged, and clean as sunshine.

Day-dreams, day-dreams, every man is entitled to them occasionally. They help him on. He is not a machine.

Paramount and Artcraft motion pictures have brought more to us Americans than we have yet realized.

Their closeness to our own deepest emotions has caused us to live more vividly—to see life out of other people's eyes—to develop a more generous personal philosophy.

Paramount and Artcraft motion pictures give a man a better feeling towards Smith in the next street—make him ready to reconsider his opinion of his worst enemy. Sounds like religion, but it isn't—it's just *you*, you yourself with the shell off, magic'd off by the *foremost stars—superbly* directed—in *clean* motion pictures—nameworthy to be called *Paramount! Artcraft!*

Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

TRADE MARK Paramount Pictures

Three Ways to Know

how to be sure of seeing Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

one By seeing these trademarks or names in the advertisements of your local theatres.

two By seeing these trademarks or names on the front of the theatre or in the lobby.

three By seeing these trademarks or names flashed on the screen inside the theatre.

TRADE MARK ARTCRAFT PICTURES

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

Vivian Martin in "Viviette" hailing—we wonder who?

Certainly we'll pose for you say Douglas Fairbanks and Majorie Daw

Mary Thurman getting a surprise ready for Mack Sennett

Violet Heming in a scene from "The Judgment House." Isn't she the sweetest ever?

This spade helped did up $100,000.00 for Liberty Loan Bonds—see page 54

Ann Little in an "I wonder" attitude

UNWINDING THE REEL

PARAMOUNT has signed Ernest Truex for a long term contract as a film star.

The actor will commence his picture activities almost immediately.

* * *

There are some interesting scenes from New York's Bohemia in "A Square Deal," the Mutual production starring Margarita Fisher.

Miss Fisher plays the rôle of a country girl who goes to the city intent on a career, becomes a "serious thinker," marries a practical and home-loving young lawyer and nearly loses him when she makes their apartment the headquarters of long-haired men and short-haired women.

The picture is adapted from the magazine story by Albert Payson Terhune. It was produced at the American Film Company's studios under the direction of Lloyd Ingraham. The supporting cast is headed by Jack Mower.

Miss Fisher is now at work in Santa Barbara on "Impossible Susan" scheduled for release by Mutual in late July.

* * *

Ten per cent. of the outstanding preferred stock of the Lone Star Corporation, a $1,500,000 concern, will be redeemed at 110 plus accured dividends, May 15 according to announcement issued from the offices of the corporation in Chicago.

The Lone Star Corporation is the concern organized for the merchandising of the series of twelve comedies featuring Charles Chaplin produced by the Lone Star Corporation and released through the Mutual Film Corporation.

A large precentage of the original capital represented by the preferred stock has been returned to the stockholders. Meanwhile the pictures are said to have a long working life ahead.

* * *

E. M. Newman, the lecturer and producer of the Newman Travel Pictures, is now touring the Allied Countries as a commissioner of the United States Goverment for the study of industrial and social conditions behind the battle lines. He sailed from an Atlantic port about two weeks ago, with the members of his staff and a flock of motion-picture and still-life cameras—the first such equipment permitted to leave an American port of embarkation for non-military use in many months. News has just been received of his safe arrival on the other side by Charles Mercer, Mr. Newman's representative at the offices of the Educational Films Corporation of America, which releases his pictures.

"I am going abroad," said Mr. Newman on April 24th, "to get illustrations of social, commercial and civil life under war conditions in Great Britain, France and Italy, with a view to America profiting by the Allies' experience. I hope particularly to illustrate the conservation of human power that makes possible the release of every able-bodied man to the war with the least disturbance to commerce.

"Mr. Creel, of the Committee on Public Information, chose me for this work because he felt that I knew the pre-war conditions in Europe thoroughly and as a trained observer could compare those conditions with the changes that have been wrought. The object is to bring back to the people of the United States a graphic presentation of what can be done and should be done to permit us to utilize every ounce of our strength for the successful prosecution of the war. I am paying my own expenses, and the pictures and talks I bring back will be presented here under my own management. I am deeply sensible of the exclusive and most unusual privilege granted me as a commissioner of the Creel Committee to gather and put before the American public pictorial information of patriotic value."

Marion Davies helping to fill up this page

It is an open secret among Mr. Newman's friends that he was booked to sail for South America when the opportunity came to help out in the warring countries. Without any hesitation he threw over the South American plans and placed himself at the disposal of the Government's publicity bureau. As a globe-trotter, picture-taker and lecturer, Newman has always tried to combine with the practical side of travel the things of human interest. He expects to record by means of the camera how England, France and Italy carry on; how business is transacted and how industrial emergencies are met; the revolutionary changes in the theatre, society, country life and city life; the new rôle of woman; the substitution of machinery for manual methods; the scrapping of the useless, trivial and merely ornamental; the magnificent unity of great peoples for the first time co-ordinated and aligned in the accomplishment of a great international undertaking.

During Mr. Newman's absence the Educational Films Corporation of America will continue to release his Travel Pictures. Four of them have already been issued: "The Forbidden Isle," "Our Hawaiian Army," "Tidbits of Travel" and "Our Egypt of the Southwest." There are twenty-six more one-reelers in the forthcoming series, representing the product of seventeen years of travel and exploration. In the course of that time the lecturer-photographer has been four times around the globe, visited almost every important city in the world, and explored some of its remotest wilds and recesses, accompanying the Roosevelt hunting expedition to East Africa and going up the crests of the Himalayas in the ascent of Mt. Kinchinjunga with the Duke of the Abruzzi.

In a life of incessant activity Newman has found time to write and memorize over a million words of travel talks and to appear yearly before great audiences in lecture series delivered at Carnegie Hall, New York, and in fourteen other American cities, starting from Chicago, which has been the headquarters of his lecture system. The titles provided for the Travel Pictures are succinct, brief and entertaining. Prior to their release by Educational, the pictures had never been seen outside the "two-dollar" clientele of the Newman lectures.

It will take about five months for Mr. Newman to tour intensively the United Kingdom, France and Italy in the prosecution of his new work. On his return he will get into the lecture harness again, but he promises a general release of the new patriotic pictures by the Educational next winter.

* * *

There have been poems and poems sent to "Big Bill" Hart by admirers from Timbuctoo to Fernando Po, but none thus far have "come through" with anything quite like the following from a nameless correspondent. It is given for what it is worth:

Me hair is red and me eyes are green,
But gee, I'd like to be a movie queen,
And ride a broncho and take a spill
And have you come dashing from some hill
And lift me up and wipe me brow
And hold me close and tell me how
As you're a bandit, 'twould do you proud,
If I'd be your queen and boss the crowd
Of bandit men that follow you,
When you hold up a stage and rob a crew.
And I'd refuse just to hear you rave
When I'd be just dying to be your slave.
But I'd just say no, to feel your grip
On me shoulders tight—and as I'd slip
Weak and faint on your big broad chest,
And close me eyes, and sink to rest,
And feel so happy—but 'twouldn't last long,
For you'd swing me up in your arms so strong
And throw me across your gallant steed
And away we'd ride at flying speed
To your cabin at the top of the mountains high
Where no other persons ever come nigh.
And you'd throw me in and shut the door
And tho' me back was hurt and me muscles sore,
I'd just lay there and grin with bliss,
For your blows were like another's kiss.
And you'd leave me there most all day,
Then you'd stalk in and I'd hear you say,
"Well, me lass, what say you now?"
And I'd brush the hair from off me brow
And with head held low I'd make a dive
To your buzzom where later I'd revive
And gaze and gaze in your dear kind face
—Say, me lamp's burnt low and there's no more space.
So now, me bandit, I'll say "good-night,"
Me big cave-man, me fav-o-rite.

* * *

Eight Sessue Hayakawa special productions, produced by Haworth Pictures Corporation, will be distributed through the exchanges of the Mutual Film Corporation.

The first of these pictures, now under the working title of "His American Birthright," has been completed and will shortly be ready for screening at the Mutual exchanges projection rooms.

The first picture will be released July 15, and will be available for pre-release to the leading exhibitors throughout the United States by special arrangement. These special arrangements will be handled through the representatives of Haworth or by application to Mutual.

The eight productions will be released at intervals through a period of forty-eight weeks. They will be presented in five or six parts.

POOR SIR WALTER IS FORGOTTEN, DICKENS NEGLECTED, THACKERAY DISREGARDED, AND STEVENSON, MACAULAY, LAMB AND ALL THE REST BECOME DUST-LADEN WHEN - - - - -

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throughout the United States, Canada, and Great Britain have exclusive sale of Jonteel. This privilege has been accorded them because they are the foremost drug stores in their respective towns, distributors of the highest grade toilet requisites, and because they are linked together into a great National organization for the giving of service. Among them are 200 Liggett Stores reaching from New York and Boston to Winnipeg; John A. Schultz, Trenton; Buck & Raynor's, Chicago; the Owl Drug Stores of the Pacific Coast; and the leading druggists in every city and town.

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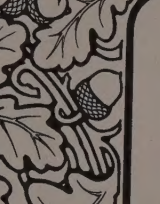
Posed by Helene Chadwick, Pathe Film Star

Combination Cream Jonteel, 50c. Softening, protecting. Will not grow hair.



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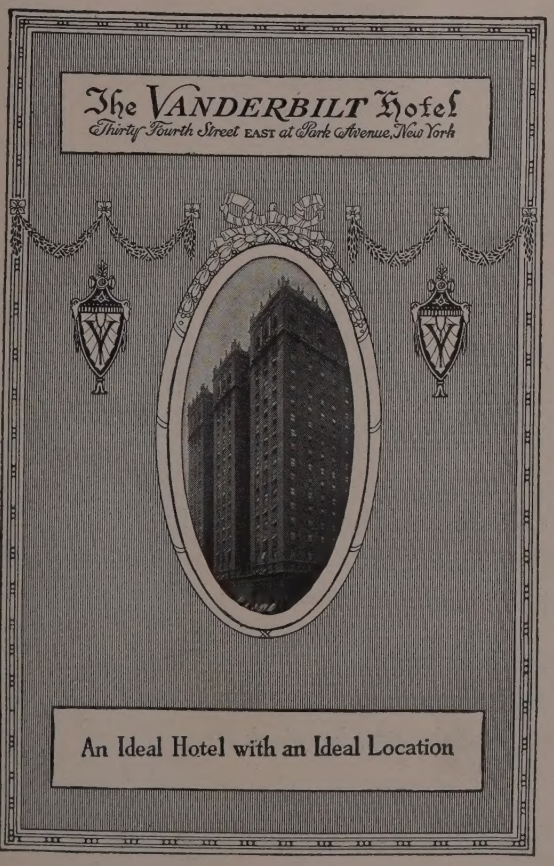
because of it's superiority



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WALTON H. MARSHALL,
Manager

MR. HAMILTON KING IN HIS STUDIO

SPECIAL NOTICE

We take pleasure in announcing that beginning with the September issue, the THEATRE MAGAZINE will have on its cover a decorative portrait of a prominent actress by the well known American artist Mr. Hamilton King.

Mr. King's work is too well known to need any introduction here. A specializer in beautiful femininity, his women are Creations of the delicate Dresden china type and whether he paints a French peasant, an actress or a society debutante, the spirit as well as the flesh of his model is there.

As heretofore, the policy of the THEATRE MAGAZINE is to reproduce on its covers only the portraits of women of the stage whose talent and standing have won them that distinction. It is not enough to be merely pretty. The actress to be so honored must have won a distinct place for herself in the affections of our theatregoers.

Mr. King's work will add still another beautiful feature to the artistry for which the THEATRE MAGAZINE is justly famed throughout the two hemispheres.

THE PUBLISHERS.

To Theatre Magazine Subscribers

The Government is sending broadcast—not an S. O. S. signal, but a request for conservation in all sorts of business and in all walks of life. The cost of paper is going up—and the supply going down.

The new postal rates for magazines which went into effect July 1st, means an increased expense for postage to all publishers, of from 50% to 300%!!

We have been carrying our share of the extra cost of production, paper, and what-not, right along, but now, in common with all publishers, we will be compelled to increase the subscription price of the Theatre Magazine.

Before the increase goes into effect, we send you this special invitation—

Send us the renewal of your subscription—whether it expires now, or a year from now—at the present rate of $3.50, and it will be accepted providing it reaches us not later than September 1st.

After that date, subscriptions will only be accepted at the increased rate. You must act NOW if you want to take advantage of the present rate.

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